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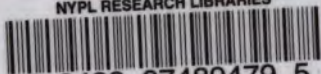
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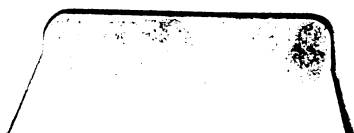
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Chandos Picture*

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WILHELM STRICKLAND
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THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

HENRY MORLEY, LL.D.

WITH INTRODUCTIONS BY
THE EDITOR AND MANY
ILLUSTRATIVE PIECES CON-
TEMPORARY AND PRIOR TO
THE DRAMATIST'S TIME

NEW YORK:
DOUBLEDAY & MCCLURE CO.

1897

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P R E F A C E.

SHAKESPEARE, through all his images of life in action, shows a spirit that has caused his works to be called rightly a Lay Bible. Three principles lie at the heart of all his teaching:—LOVE GOD, LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOUR, DO YOUR WORK.

The highest Literature is expression of the highest Life. Stories of human action are, of course, the images of joys and sorrows common to us all, and to be interesting they must show how the thread of one man's life runs with the threads other men spin, here or there, into knots that have to be untied or cut. When Aristotle in his Poetics writes of Plays, he begins by pointing out that of the six parts of which a Play consists, the Action is the chief. "For Tragedy," he says—and what he says of Tragedy applies to all true Drama—"is not an imitation of particular persons, but of Actions in general, of human Life, of good and ill Fortune; for Fortune depends upon Action, and though the Manners of men are derived from their Qualities, their Happiness and Misery depend on their Actions. Actions, then, are not represented for the purpose of imitating Manners, but Manners are comprehended at the same time by means of the Action . . . If a set of moral sentences should be put together with the Language and Sentiment well executed, it would by no means produce the

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effect of tragedy, which would be much rather obtained by a tragedy that, possessing these in an inferior degree, had a Fable and combination of incidents. It must be added that the sudden Revolution of Fortune, and the Discovery, which are the principal causes of a tragedy being interesting, are parts of the Fable." All this is illustrated by the Plays of Shakespeare. Deeply religious in their view of life, they show life as it is, through scenes that never stay the action for a preachment, but continuously tell their story, or pause only to show the springs of action, in the most spiritual utterances of the poet's thought. If they delayed presentment of the Action, which has only to show deeds and motives of the doer, with the way they affect other persons in the story, then the finest passages of poetry, the noblest utterances of the highest truth, would be excrescences ; they would be something other than the play.

It is a main purpose of this Edition of Shakespeare to show how in plays of his—as Aristotle put it—"Manners are comprehended by means of the Action." A study of Shakespeare's method in dealing with the main part of a play, especially his way of bringing Unity into the Action, ought not to be profitless.

What fuller source is there of our delight in tales, novels, and plays, than our own part in life ? Each of us lives a story. Our own lives have their complications, and it interests us much to know *how other* adventurers untie their knots, and conquer or are conquered by the troubles of the world. *In Shakespeare's world there is a genial and fu*

presentment to us of the life we live. The men and women speak and act from motives of an infinite variety, and indicate their characters just as they do upon the larger stage.

Shakespeare's dramatic genius enabled him, as if by miracle, to enter into every character that he created ; so that his people are not drawn as men are usually seen, from without ; but, stirred as from within, they act and react on one another, and show subtle disturbances of mood and thought. We draw inferences from chance words of self-betrayal, from comparison such as we make when we desire to understand acquaintance, friend, or enemy, who lives and moves about us. Different minds may form different opinions of a character in Shakespeare. We discuss it as we might discuss the sayings or the doings of a living person. Other dramatists, who paint men as they see them from without, give us no opportunity for question as to what they see and what they wish to represent. From this point of view alone, the Plays of Shakespeare would repay a life of study.

But even if the noble plays of the Greek dramatists from which Aristotle drew his principles of dramatic poetry had given him a conception of such character-painting as Shakespeare was the first and last to show, his Poetics would nevertheless have placed the Action first, the Character-painting or the Manners second in importance, among the six parts of a play. Next to these he placed the *Sentiments* expressed, and then the *Language* that expressed them ; after that the

Music (which was more closely associated with the Greek stage than with ours), and last of all, the Decorations of the Stage, which, he said, "have the least connection with the Poetic Art. For the power of tragedy is independent of the performance and the actors ; and in preparing the decorations, the art of the manager of the theatre is more conspicuous than that of the poet." But let it here be noted that an actor faithful to his art is on our English stage a skilled interpreter, who makes the art of the poet often felt where it would lie hidden without his aid. Shakespeare's Plays were written to be acted, and so written as to produce pictures of life highly suggestive often by mere grouping of the persons on the stage, which certainly was present to him while he wrote. Thus after much has been learnt by reading a play of his, there is always more to learn from seeing it.

Let us return now to the action, in which the chief interest of a play must lie. I believe that when Shakespeare was about to write a play, in the first place he looked simply for an interesting story. I do not believe that he ever said to himself, "I want to teach this or that moral truth ; let me look for a tale to teach it through." He simply looked for a good story of a kind that could be shown in action, and would interest an audience of all classes of men and women, including, for the greater part, a kindly multitude of people who had little to bring to the appreciation of his work *beyond their natural perceptions and sympathies.* *His story he knew to be good, in proportion as it*

came straight home to "men as they are men within themselves."

The story having once been chosen, only because it admitted of dramatic treatment and was interesting, the next thought must needs be for its shaping as a play. It would have to be thought over; the whole treatment of the plot, and the division of its known whole into five clearly defined stages of action, would have to be resolved upon. The modern dramatist also makes out his plan for treatment of the story, its divisions into acts, and the distribution of the parts of each act into scenes. The *scenario*, so sketched, he often takes a manager's opinion upon, before he begins to clothe his skeleton with flesh and blood and tries to breathe part of his own life into it and make it live. Whoever, after reading any play of Shakespeare's, with the whole plot in his mind, will glance through it again to observe how it was divided into acts, will soon find that Shakespeare also had the whole plot in his mind when he planned how it would best be sub-divided. There is also, in little words or incidents that, on a second reading, we find serving to prepare the mind for incidents to follow, constant evidence that Shakespeare worked from the first words of the first scene with knowledge of the complete plan and spirit of the action.

In considering the treatment of the story, chosen in the first place only because it was interesting and admitted of dramatic treatment, any good dramatist *would have to begin* by determining the *point of view from which his picture of life should*

be drawn. Having resolved on that, he would consider which parts of his chosen story he would use, which he would omit, transpose, or alter, to bring all lines of his work into harmony as seen from the established point of view. This care secures the Unity without which there can be no perfect work of art. The painter, in his perspective, and in combinations and gradations of his colouring; the musician, in his way of harmonising even but a song, of which the words also must have unity of motive in the feeling they express; the sculptor, in whose work outline of every part is brought into harmonised relation to the other lines in the whole piece; all know the need of a true Unity, and Shakespeare's plays would not affect us as they do if he had sought and not attained it.

It is not necessary to enjoyment of a work of art that we should understand the principles on which it is constructed. The peasant may sit in the sunshine, and thank God for it, though he know nothing of actinic or calorific rays; and he may look with loving eyes upon the photograph of his one boy in a far land, without knowing how it was shot to him upon an arrow from Apollo. The light of Shakespeare's genius blesses wise and simple, rich and poor; it shines on the poetical, it shines on the prosaic, for it comes in at all our windows. In the same way thousands of men undisciplined in music have souls to be touched by the strains of Beethoven. Yet there may be *fuller enjoyment* by the student who has learnt *a little of the Art*, framed upon principles of

Nature, that he finds used by the master to lift earth to heaven.

A play being a picture of human life in action, if it be written for the world at large, must have its point of sight in some one principle of active life, some truth of human nature that comes home to all of us. And the point of sight must not be merely in some one such truth, but in that one which especially belongs to the action in which lies the gist of the whole story. Shakespeare looked for that; and made, in each play, that only the motive of his whole design. How could he have made "glorification of the House of Tudor" motive of a play? "Glorification of the House of Tudor" is not a principle that Nature planted in the heart of man. How could he have planned *The Tempest* to set forth a system of psychology? Nature has not planted in us metaphysical puzzles as the springs of action. Truths old as the first age of man, that will endure as long as man shall be—essential truths of life—lie at the heart of the best tales of human joy and sorrow. Shakespeare deals only with these; and he so deals with them as to suggest in all, by magic of his art, his own views of the way to live.

The ripening of Shakespeare's power brings with it no change of spirit. His mastery over his art advances, and the method of his early plays remains that of the latest. But although his views of life remain, as we shall find, unchanged, there comes a thoroughness into the handling of his art that is marked strongly by the difference between *an early play like the Two Gentlemen of Verona,*

and a late play like *Macbeth*. In Shakespeare himself also there is unbroken Unity ; there is no change in him but that of growth.

The plays are arranged, as nearly as may be, in a sequence reasonably corresponding to the order of production. There are plays of which the dates of production cannot be known with certainty. There are plays also designed to form a sequence, and these are here printed in sequence, although other pieces may have been produced in intervals between them.

It often happens that there is light thrown upon Shakespeare's art by observation of the changes made by him in treatment of older pieces taken for the groundwork of his plays. In aid, therefore, of a more thorough study of his genius, I have, as far as possible, given these pieces, in description or in partial or complete reprint, together with the plays that Shakespeare formed from them.

The text of the plays themselves has been throughout carefully read with that of the first folio, and of the quartos when there were any ; use being made of the letter-perfect reprint of the first folio, published some years ago by Mr. Booth, and of the photographic reproductions of the quartos published more recently by Mr. Quaritch. I have endeavoured to get rid of the superfluity of punctuation, and of the needless elisions and apostrophes with which the text of Shakespeare is still often encumbered ; and have tried in every way to give a text as true and complete as the state of the original editions will allow. Some misprints have *slipped through*, no doubt ; and sometimes I know

I have left a reading that should not have been preferred. But there has been no neglect of the letter of the text, although the special aim of this edition is to show how a great Artist put his mind into his work.

H. M.

THE ORDER OF THE PLAYS

AND ILLUSTRATIVE PIECES.

1. **TITUS ANDRONICUS.**
The True Tragedie of Richard the Third.
2. **KING HENRY VI.—PART I.**
The First Part of the Contention of the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster, with the Death of the Good Duke Humphrey.
3. **KING HENRY VI.—PART II.**
Completion of the First Part of the Contention.
4. **KING HENRY VI.—PART III.**
The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of York, and the Good King Henry the Sixth.
5. **KING RICHARD III.**
Completion of the True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of York.
6. **THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.**
The Story of the Shepherdess Felismena. From the "Diana" of George de Montemayor.
7. **THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.**
"Menechmus," a Comedy from Plautus.

8. **KING JOHN.**
The Troublesome Raigne of King John.
9. **LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.**
Sundry Conceited Pieces.
10. **ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.**
Giletta of Narbona, from Painter's "Palace of Pleasure."
11. **ROMEO AND JULIET.**
*Romeus and Julietta, from Painter's "Palace of Pleasure."
Arthur Brooke's Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet.*
12. **A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.**
*Nymphidia, by Michael Drayton.
Fairy Poems, by Robert Herrick.*
13. **THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.**
*The Adventures of Giannetto, from the "Peccorone" of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino.
Of a Jew who would for his Debt have a Pound of Flesh of a Christian, from the "Orator" of Alex. Silvayn.
The Three Cakes, from the "Gesta Romanorum."*
14. **KING RICHARD II.**
*Langland's Prologue to "Richard the Redeless."
Gower's Character of Richard II., from the "Confessio Amantis."*
15. **KING HENRY IV.—PART I.**
The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth, containing the Honorable Battell of Agincourt.
16. **KING HENRY IV.—PART II.**
The Death of Henry IV., from Book IV. of Daniel's Poem on the Civil Wars.
17. **KING HENRY V.**
Passages from Holinshed's Chronicle of the Reigne of King Henry V.

18. THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

The Story of Lucius and Camillus, from the "Pecorone" of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino.

The Tale of the Two Lovers of Pisa, from Tarlton's "Newes out of Purgatorie."

19. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Ariodantes and Ginevra, from Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso."

20. THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

The old play of the Taming of a Shrew.

21. AS YOU LIKE IT.

The Tale of Gamelyn.

"Rosalynde," by Thomas Lodge.

22. JULIUS CÆSAR.

Passages from the Life of Cæsar, in North's Plutarch.

23. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Passages from the Life of Antony, in North's Plutarch.

24. TWELFTH NIGHT.

"Apolonius and Silla," by Barnaby Rich.

25. HAMLET.

The Historie of Hamlet.

26. MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

George Whetstone's "Promos and Cassandra."

27. OTHELLO.

The Tale of the Moor, from Cinthio's "Hecatomithi."

28. MACBETH.

The Historie of Macbeth, from Holinshed's Chronicle of Scotland.

29. KING LEAR.

Sketch of the old play of King Lear (in Introduction)

30. TIMON OF ATHENS.

An earlier Play on Timon.

31. TROILUS AND ORESSIDA.

32. CORIOLANUS.

33. THE WINTER'S TALE.

Robert Greene's "Pandosto, or the Triumph of Time."

34. THE TEMPEST.

Jacob Ayres and "The Fair Sidea."

Storm on the Mediterranean, from Harrington's Ariosto.

Montaigne's Essay on the Canibales (Florio's Translation.)

35. CYMBELINE.

36. KING HENRY VIII.

37. PERICLES.

The Tale of Apollonius of Tyre, from Gower's Confessio Amantis.

FOLIO OF 1623,
*The First Edition of the Collected Plays of
Shakespeare.*

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Colophon, on last leaf of the volume :—"Printed at the Charges of W. Iaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smith-weeke, and W. Aspley, 1623."

On a fly-leaf opposite the Portrait in the Title Page are these lines by Ben Jonson :—

TO THE READER.

This Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Grauer had a strife
With Nature, to out-doo the life:
O, could he but haue drawne his wit
As well in brasse, as he hath hit
His face; the Print would then surpasse
All, that was ever writ in brasse.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke

B. I.

THE DEDICATION OF THE FOLIO OF 1623.

To the most Noble and incomparable Paire of Brethren, William Earle of Pembroke, &c. Lord Chamberlaine to the Kings most excellent Maiesty.

And Philip Earle of Montgomery, &c. Gentleman of his Maiesties Bed-Chamber. Both Knights of the most Noble Order of the Garter, and our singular good Lords.

Right Honourable,

Whilst we studie to be thankful in our particular, for the many fauors we haue receiued from your L. L. we are false vpon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diuerse things that can bee, feare, and rashnesse; rashnesse in the enterprize, and feare of the successe. For, when we valew the places your H.H. sustaine, we cannot but know their dignity greater, then to descend to the reading of these trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we haue depriv'd our selues of the defence of our Dedication. But since your L. L. haue beene pleas'd to thinke these trifles some-thing, heere-tofore; and have prosecuted both them, and their Author liuing, with so much fauour: we hope, that (they out-liuing him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be exequutor to his owne writings) you will vse the like indulgence toward them, you haue done vnto thei- parent. There is *a great difference*, whether any booke choose his *Patrones*, or *finde* them: This hath done both. ¶

so much were your L. L. likings of the seuerall parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the Volume ask'd to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend, and Fellow aliue, as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer of his playes, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we haue iustly obserued, no man to come neere your L. L. but with a kind of religious addresse; it hath bin the height of our care, who are the Presenters, to make the present worthy of your H. H. by the perfection. But, there we must also craue our abilities to be considered, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. Country hands reache foorth milke, creame, fruites, or what they haue: and many Nations (we haue heard) that had not gummes and incense, obtained their requests with a leavened Cake. It was no fault to approch their Gods, by what meanes they could: and the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we must humbly consecrate to your H. H. these remaines of your seruant SHAKESPEARE; that what delight is in them, may be euer your L. L. the reputation his, & the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payre so carefull to shew their gratitude both to the liuing, and the dead, as is

Your Lordshippes most bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE.

HENRY CONDELL.

TO THE GREAT VARIETY OF READERS,*

From the most able, to him that can but spell: There you are number'd. We had rather you were weigh'd. Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends vpon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! It is now publique, and you wil stand for your priuiledges wee know: to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer saies. Then, how odde soeuer your braines be, or your wisdomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Iudge your sixe-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your five shillings worth at a time, or higher, so as you rise to the iust rates, and welcome. But, whatever you do, Buy. Censure will not driue a Trade, or make the Iacke go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the stage at Black-Friers, or the Cock-pit to arraigne Playes dailie, know, these Playes haue had their triall alreadie, and stood out all Appeales; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, than any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to haue bene wished, that the Author himselfe had liu'd to haue set forth, and ouerseen his owne writings; But

* Malone and others have thought Ben Jonson the writer of "To the Great Variety of Readers." He could hardly have written more than the first paragraph.

since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you doe not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to have collected and publish'd them; and so to haue publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with divers stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of iniurious impostors, that expos'd them: even those, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceiued them: Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he vttered with that easinesse, that wee haue scarce receiued from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our prouince, who onely gather his works, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your diuers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be lost. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to vnderstand him. And so we leaue you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade your selues, and others. And such Readers we wish him.

JOHN HEMINGE.

HENRIE CONDELL.

VERSES PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO OF
1623:—

*To the Memory of the deceased Author, Master
William Shakespeare.*

Shakespeare, at length thy pious fellows give
The world thy works ; thy works, by which outlive
Thy tomb thy name must : when that stone is rent,
And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,
Here we alive shall view thee still : this book,
When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look
Fresh to all ages ; when posterity
Shall loath what 's new, think all is prodigy
That is not Shakespeare's, every line, each verse,
Here shall revive, redeem thee from thy herse.
Nor fire, nor cankering age, as Naso said
Of his, thy wit-fraught book shall once invade :
Nor shall I e'er believe or think thee dead
(Though missed) until our bankrout stage be sped—
Impossible—with some new strain t' out-do
Passions of Juliet, and her Romeo ;
Or till I hear a scene more nobly take,
Than when thy half-sword parleying Romans spake :
*Till these, till any of thy volume's rest,
Shall with more fire, more feeling, be expressed,*

Be sure, our Shakespeare, thou canst never die,
But, crowned with laurel, live eternally.

L. DIGGES.

To the Memory of M. W. Shakespeare.

We wondered, Shakespeare, that thou went'st so soon
From the world's stage to the grave's tiring-room :
We thought thee dead ; but this thy printed worth
Tells thy spectators, that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause. An actor's art
Can die, and live to act a second part :
That 's but an exit of mortality,
This a re-entrance to a plaudite.

I. M.*

* Perhaps John arston.

*To the Memory of my beloved, the Author,
Mr. William Shakespeare, and what he hath left us.*

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book, and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor muse can praise too much;
'T is true, and all men's suffrage; but these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For seeliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise:
These are, as some infamous bawd or whore
Should praise a matron; what could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them; and, indeed,
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
I, therefore, will begin:—Soul of the age,
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser; or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb;
*And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.*

That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses;
 I mean, with great but disproportioned muses;
 For, if I thought my judgment were of years,
 I should commit thee surely with thy peers;
 And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
 Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line:
 And though thou hadst small Latin, and less Greek,
 From thence to honour thee I would not seek
 For names; but call forth thundering Æscinylus,
 Euripides, and Sophocles, to us,
 Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova, dead,
 To life again, to hear thy buskin tread
 And shake a stage: or, when thy socks were on,
 Leave thee alone, for the comparison
 Of all that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome,
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
 Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show
 To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
 He was not of an age, but for all time;
 And all the Muses still were in their prime,
 When like Apollo he came forth to warm
 Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.
 Nature herself was proud of his designs,
 And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines;
 Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
 As since she will vouchsafe no other wit.
 The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;

But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.

Yet must I not give Nature all ; thy Art,
My gentle Shakspeare, must enjoy a part :
For though the Poet's matter Nature be,
His Art doth give the fashion ; and that he,
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,—
Such as thine are,—and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil ; turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame ;
Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn,
For a good poet 's made, as well as born :
And such wert thou. Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners, brightly shines
In his well-turnéd and true-filé lines ;
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.

Sweet Swan of Avon, what a sight it were,
To see thee in our waters yet appear ;
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Elíza, and our James !
But stay ; I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there :
Shine forth, thou star of poets ; and with rage,
Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage,

Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like
night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

BEN IONSON.

*Upon the Lines, and Life, of the famous Scenic Poet,
Master, William Shakespeare.*

Those hands which you so clapped, go now and
wring,
You Britons brave; for done are Shakespeare's days :
His days are done that made the dainty plays,
Which made the Globe of heaven and earth to ring.
Dried is that vein, dried is the Thespian spring,
Turned all to tears, and Phoebus clouds his rays;
That corpse, that coffin, now bestick those bays,
Which crowned him poet first, then poet's king.
If tragedies might any prologue have,
All those he made would scarce make one to this;
Where Fame, now that he gone is to the grave,—
Death's public tiring-house—the Nuntius is:
For, though his line of life went soon about,
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

HUGH HOLLAND.

Among verses added in the Second Folio (1632).

*An Epitaph on the admirable Dramatic Poet,
W. Shakespeare.**

What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones,
The labour of an age in piléd stones :
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid ?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name ?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a live-long monument :
For whilst to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow ; and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took ;
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving ;
And, so sepúlchered, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

* These, written by John Milton, then aged 24, were the first of Milton's verses that appeared in print. They were not signed by him in the folio, but were claimed when he included them, thirteen years later, in the first edition of his poems.

**THE
WORKES OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,**

*Containing all his Comedies, Histories, and
Tragedies : Truly set forth,
according to their first
Originall.*

**THE NAMES OF THE PRINCIPALL ACTORS
IN ALL THESE PLAYES.**

William Shakespeare.

Richard Burbadge.

John Hemmings.

Augustine Phillips.

William Kempt.

Thomas Poope.

George Bryan.

Henry Condell.

William Slye.

Richard Cowly.

John Lowins.

Samuel Crosse.

Alexander Cooke.

Samuel Gilburne.

Robert Armyne.

William Ostler.

Nathan Field.

John Vnderwood.

Nicholas Tooley.

William Ecclestone.

Joseph Taylor.

Robert Benfield.

Robert Goughe.

Richard Robinson.

Iohn Shancke.

Iohn Rice.

**THE ORDER OF THE PLAYS IN THE
FIRST FOLIO.**

COMEDIES.

The Tempest.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Measure for Measure.

The Comedy of Errors.

Much Ado about Nothing.

Love's Labour's Lost.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

The Merchant of Venice.

As You Like It.

The Taming of the Shrew.

All's Well that Ends Well.

Twelfth Night, or What you Will.

The Winter's Tale.

HISTORIES.

The Life and Death of King John.

The Life and Death of Richard the Second.

The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.

The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth.

The Life of King Henry the Fifth.

The First Part of King Henry the Sixth.

The Second Part of King Henry the Sixth.

The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth.

The Life and Death of King Richard the Third.

The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

TRAGEDIES.

The Tragedy of Coriolanus.

Titus Andronicus.

Romeo and Juliet.

Timon of Athens.

The Life and Death of Julius Cæsar.

The Tragedy of Macbeth.

The Tragedy of Hamlet.

King Lear.

Othello, the Moor of Venice.

Antony and Cleopatra.

Cymbeline, King of Britain.

NOTE.—*Troilus and Cressida* was added as an afterthought. It is not in the original Table of Contents, but is placed first in the Collection of the Tragedies without being included in the paging. The whole number of plays in the first folio is, therefore, 36. *Pericles* was not printed in folio till 1664.



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THE PLAYS OF
SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

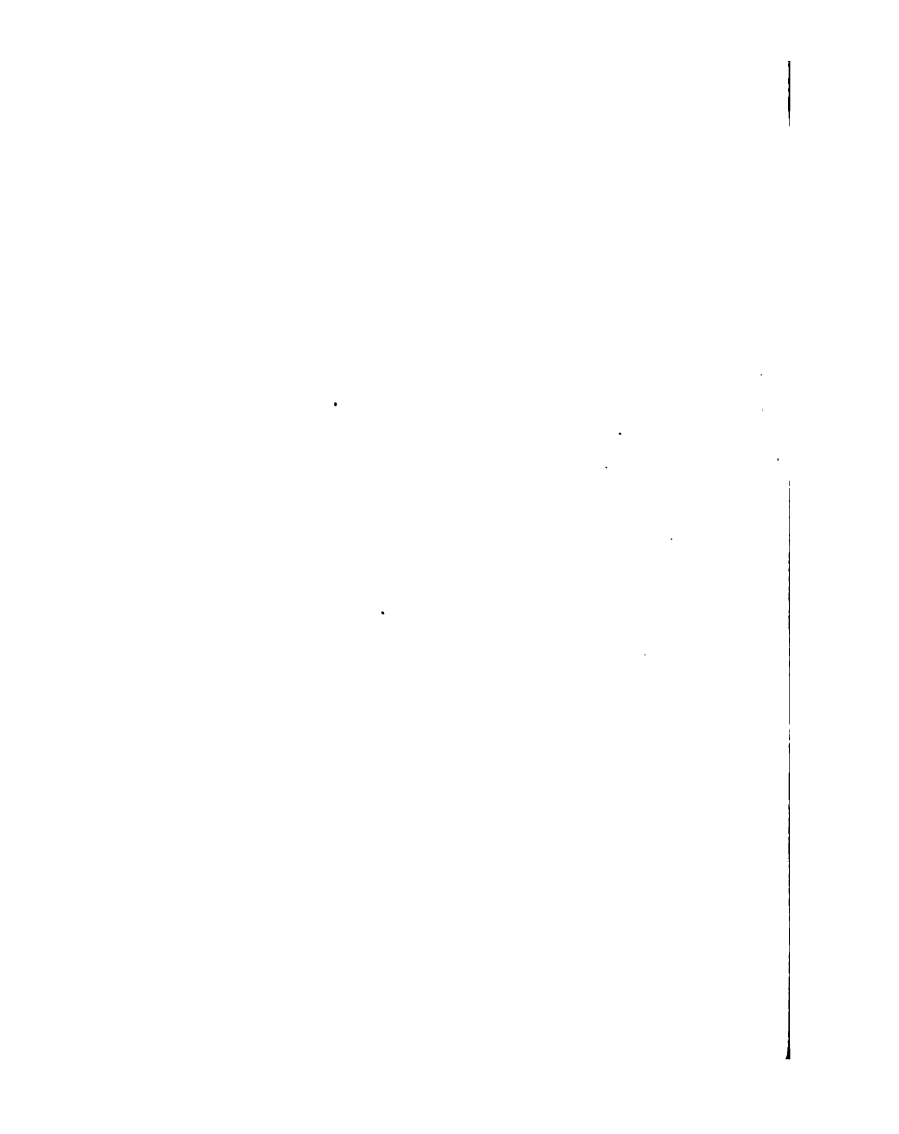
HENRY MORLEY, LL.D.

ALL'S WELL
THAT ENDS WELL

WITH PASSAGES FROM
"PALACE OF PLEASURE,"
WHICH PROBABLY SUG-
GESTED THIS PLAY

NEW YORK :
DOUBLEDAY & McCLURE CO.

1897



INTRODUCTION.

All's Well that Ends Well was first printed in the folio of 1623. In the list of Shakespeare's Plays given by Francis Meres in 1598, in his *Palladis Tamia*, there is one of which no trace remains under the name then given to it, *Love's Labour's Won*. It follows next after *Love's Labour's Lost*. For his excellence in Comedy, Meres said of Shakespeare, "witness his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love's Labour's Lost*, his *Love's Labour's Won*, his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and his *Merchant of Venice*; for Tragedy, his *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, *Henry IV.*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo and Juliet*." It is not likely that we should have lost the play of Shakespeare's following, as the title showed, *Love's Labour's Lost* in course of production, as afterwards Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, with complete difference in the matter, followed with resemblance of title the play that was his first success, *Every Man in his Humour*. *All's Well that Ends Well* is a story of *Love's Labour Won*.

but Shakespeare may well have been unwilling, in some later reproduction of the play, to continue a name that had been given only for an ephemeral purpose, to connect a new venture with a recent success when he was first taking his place as an independent dramatist. His later revision of this early work would include, therefore, a change of title, and in several passages towards the close of *All's Well that Ends Well*,—as at the end of the fourth scene of the fourth act,—

“ All 's well that ends well—still the fine 's the crown ;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown ; ”

in the middle of the first scene of the fifth act,

“ All 's well that ends well yet ; ”

in the last words before the Epilogue,

“ All yet seems well ; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet ; ”

and in the Epilogue itself,

“ All is well ended, if this suit be won
That you express content ; ”—

it is perfectly clear that the play as we now have it was designed by its writer to be known by the *title it now bears*.

If, therefore, the successful enterprise of Helena

was first shown upon the stage as *Love's Labour's Won*, there must have been some later revision of the play through which we get it in its present form. Coleridge and Tieck both thought that there was evidence of this within the play ; they saw in it a mixture of earlier with later work. Unless it be *The Taming of the Shrew*, the only other play of Shakespeare's with a plot that might fairly have been called " Love's Labour's Won " is *The Tempest*, and one critic has proposed *The Tempest* as the early play so called. But *The Tempest* in its plan and treatment is a masterpiece in Shakespeare's ripest manner, and we have no reason to ascribe to interpolation of a later touch the piece of internal evidence that shows it not to have been written earlier than 1603.

In matters of opinion there is nothing that a man is capable of thinking without somebody to think it, and aggressive positiveness in the holding of opinion shows infirmity of judgment in the holder. We must not be too sure of the ground where we can find no foothold but opinion. It seems to me that this is a play written before Meres wrote his list—not necessarily complete—in evidence of Shakespeare's genius as a playwright. *It seems to me that, with allowance made for*

some later revision, *All's Well that Ends Well* may fairly be regarded as the play known to Meres as *Love's Labour's Won*, and that, if so, its first production would have been while *Love's Labour's Lost* was fresh in the playgoer's memory. If this be so, however, we have evidence of fact showing insertion of lines in accordance with the change of title, to corroborate the belief that there was, in this case, later revision.

The story of the play is taken from the ninth novel of the third day in Boccaccio's Decameron, of which there was a translation in William Painter's "Palace of Pleasure, beautified, adorned, and well furnished with pleasant Histories and excellent Novels, selected out of divers good and commendable authors," of which the two volumes were first published in 1566 and 1567. With the heroine's name altered to Virginia, there was an early Italian play on this tale of Boccaccio's. It was first acted in Siena at the marriage of the Magnifico Antonio Spanocchi, and it was first printed at Florence in 1513. Its author was Bernardo Accolti, who died in 1534, aged seventy-six. Shakespeare took Boccaccio's tale doubtless from Painter's translation of it, which is here reprinted as appendix to the play. It could only be read as

illustration of a truth still illustrated daily in the lives of men and women, expressed of old in a ballad, "Love will find out the way," and after Shakespeare's day expressed in a line of Lord Lyttelton's, which says that "Love can hope where Reason would despair." Helena's love did not despair of achieving what her reason might have thought impossible. Her courage was at last rewarded, and Love's Labour Won.

But in the revision, with the change of title, Shakespeare may have wished to indicate the larger human truth of which the love tale was but a particular expression. Not in love only, but in all affairs of a man's life, right spirit and a firm resolve bent fearlessly upon the end that must be laboured for, may conquer difficulties that would seem to most men insurmountable. The end crowns the work, All's well that ends well for this world or for the next. When disappointment came in the expected hour of her success, Helena, labouring on, looked steadily to the end, saying, "All's Well that Ends Well yet." Who has not constant experience of our habitual flinching from the means to a desired end, when the means are by fulfilment of what seem impossible conditions? Whoever under such conditions keeps the end

in view, and fearlessly resolves, against all odds, to labour on for its attainment, sets many a weak head shaking at what nowadays is called his optimism. When he succeeds, he is credited with the luck that often comes to sanguine people. When he appears to fail, if it be really a good end that he has battled for, what is his loss, although he wait even until the next life before the end proves all was well?

Helena in this play has something to do that looks like an impossibility. She puts her whole heart into it, and does it. In the face of his feudal sense of rank, she wins Bertram, a ward of the king's, on his own ground, united to her by his feudal lord. "Strange is it," says the King,

"Strange is it, that our bloods
Of colour, weight, and heat, poured all together
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty."

From that success she is cast out, as it seems, for ever, by Bertram's refusal, though her husband, to live with her, unless she can perform impossibilities which he suggests only as a way of *emphasizing his repudiation*. With her heart in her *work*, and an end worth working for, she will

finds the way to her end, undaunted by all show of lions in the path, and all report of lions round the corner. That is obviously the gist of the tale; it is grounded on a universal truth, with fortitude of love for the particular example.

We may notice a phrase in an answer of the Clown's to the old Lord Lafeu near the close of the fourth act, the Clown being one of the added characters. He had been celebrating the devil as the Prince of this World, and adds, "I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for Pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire." It is but a step from that phrase to the Porter's in *Macbeth* of—"The primrose way to the everlasting bonfire."

Characters added by Shakespeare to the tale, to vary and enlarge its action, are all contrived to give elevation to the character of Helena or show at its true worth the world she has to conquer. Not only are touches of womanly tenderness and self-respect made in the character itself to soften incidents that would admit of hard interpretation, but the Countess, Bertram's mother, is added to

the story that she may take part with Helena against her son, and that her noble spirit of womanhood may, with a warm zeal, speak Helena's praise. The cheery Lord Lafeu, constant in admiration of her, brings experience of honourable age to judgment of her worth; and Bertram's follower, Parolles (opposite to Lafeu as a young fop and fool, whom it stirs the old man's bile even to look upon, and who is foil also to the brave Bertram as a bragging coward), represents the sort of man who, while believed in and accepted as companion, can lead a true spirit astray. It is Parolles by whom Bertram is encouraged to spurn true love from his side; it is the same fop, braggart, coward, who is ready to become his pander to the false. Parolles is no part of the original tale. Shakespeare's additions, then, apart from other dramatic uses and all modifications of the tale, were clearly designed to support the character of Helena, put dignity and worth into her love, and a true heart into her labour.

H. M.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING OF FRANCE.

DUKE OF FLORENCE.

BERTRAM, *Count of Rousillon.*

LAFEU, *an old Lord.*

PAROLLES, *a Follower of Bertram.*

*Several young French Lords,
who serve with Bertram in
the Florentine War.*

*Steward to the Countess of
Rousillon.*

Clown, in her Household.

A Page.

COUNTRESS OF ROUSILLON,
Mother to Bertram.

HELENA, *a Gentlewoman pro-
tected by the Countess.*

A Widow of Florence.

DIANA, *her daughter.*

VIOLENTA, { *Neighbours and*
MARIANA, { *Friends to the*
 { *Widow.*

*Lords, attending on the King ;
Officers, Soldiers, &c., French
and Florentine.*

SCENE.—Partly in France and partly in Tuscany.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rousillon. A Room in the
COUNTRESS'S Palace.

Enter BERTRAM, *the* COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON,
HELENA, *and* LAFEU, *all in black.*

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a
second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my
father's death anew ; but I must attend his
majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward,
evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam;—you, sir, a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you, whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father,—O, that 'had!' how sad a passage 't is!—whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far 'twould have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so:—Gerard de Narbonne.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam: the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly and mourn-

ingly. He was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbonne?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'T is the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek.—No more of this, Helena.—go to, no more; lest it be *rather thought* you affect a sorrow than to *have*.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed ; but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that ?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram ; and succeed thy father

In manners, as in shape ! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright ! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none ; be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key ; be checked for silence,
But never taxed for speech. What Heaven more
will,

That thee may furnish and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head ! Farewell.—My lord,
'T is an unseasoned courtier : good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him !—Farewell, Bertram.

[Exit.]

Ber. [*To HELENA.*] The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you. Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady : you must hold the credit of your father.

[*Exeunt BERTRAM and LAFEU.*]

Hel. O, were that all !—I think not on my father ;

And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like ?

I have forgot him : my imagination
Carries no favour in 't but Bertram's.

I am undone : there is no living, none,

If Bertram be away. It were all one

That I should love a bright particular star,

And think to wed it, he is so above me :

In his bright radiance and collateral light

Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.

The ambition in my love thus plagues itself :

The hind that would be mated by the lion

Must die for love. 'T was pretty, though a plague,

To see him every hour ; to sit and draw

His archéd brows, his hawking eye, his curls,

In our *heart's table* ; *heart* too capable

Of every line and trick of his sweet favour :

But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics.—Who comes here?
One that goes with him: I love him for his
sake,

And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fixed evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft
we see

Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Save you, fair queen!

Hel. And you, monarch!

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though
*valiant in the defence, yet is weak. Unfold to us
some warlike resistance.*

Par. There is none : man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up !—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men ?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up : marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase ; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost. That you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found : by being ever kept, it is ever lost. 'T is too cold a companion : away with 't.

Hel. I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in 't ; 't is against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to accuse your mothers, which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin ; virginity murders itself, and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese, consumes itself to

the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not: you cannot choose but lose by 't. Out with t: within the year it will make itself two, which is a goodly increase, and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with 't.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'T is a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with 't, while t is vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the toothpick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears: it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 't is a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet, 't is a withered pear. Will you anything with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.—
There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,

A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear ;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster ; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall :—God send him well !—
The court's a learning-place ;—and he is one—

Par. What one i' faith ?

Hel. That I wish well.—'T is pity—

Par. What's pity ?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in 't,
Which might be felt ; that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think : which
never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[Exit.

Par. Little Helen, farewell : if I can remember
thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars ?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so ?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety. But the composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier ; in the which my instruction shall serve to naturalise thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee ; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away : farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers ; when thou hast none, remember thy friends. Get

thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee :
so farewell. [Exit.

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven : the fated sky
Gives us free scope ; only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high,
That makes me see and cannot feed mine eye ?
The mightiest space in fortune Nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose
What hath been cannot be. Who ever strove
To show her merit that did miss her love ?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fixed and will not leave me.
[Exit.

SCENE II.—Paris. A Room in the KING'S
Palace.

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the KING OF FRANCE
with letters ; Lords and others attending.*

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the
ears ;

Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 *Lord.* So 't is reported, sir.

King. Nay, 't is most credible : we here receive
it

A certainty, vouched from our cousin Austria,
With caution that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid ; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

1 *Lord.* His love and wisdom,
Approved so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.

King. He hath armed our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes :
Yet for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2 *Lord.* It may well serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What 's he comes here ?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

1 *Lord* It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's
face ;

Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well composed thee. Thy father's moral
parts

May'st thou inherit too ! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness
now,

As when thy father and myself in friendship
First tried our soldiership. He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest : he lasted long ;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords ; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.
So, like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness ; if they were,
His equal had awaked them, and his honour,
O'clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and at this time
His tongue obeyed his hand : who were below him

He used as creatures of another place,
And bowed his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility ;
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times
Which, followed well, would demonstrate them
now

But goes backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb :
So in approof lives not his epitaph
As in your royal speech.

King. Would I were with him ! He would
always say,—
Methinks, I hear him now : his plausible words
He scattered not in ears, but grafted them
To grow there and to bear,—‘Let me not
live,’—

Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out, ‘Let me not live,’ quoth he,
‘After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain ; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garbs ; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions.’—This he wished :—

I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolvéd from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

2 *Lord.* You are loved, sir ;

They that least lend it you shall lack the first.

King. I fill a place, I know 't.—How long is 't,
count,

Since the physician at your father's died ?
He was much famed.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him
yet :—

Lend me an arm :—the rest have worn me out
With several applications : nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count ;
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Rousillon. A Room in the
COUNTESS'S Palace.

Enter COUNTESS, *Steward and Clown.*

Count. I will now hear : what say you of this
gentlewoman ?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: the complaints I have heard of you, I do not all believe: 't is my slowness, that I do not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'T is not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam; 't is not so well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damned. But, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isbel your woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage, and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue of my body, for they say, barnes are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh, and he must needs go that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You are shallow, madam; e'en great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me which I am aweary of. He that ears my land spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge. He that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: *ergo* he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to

be what they are, there were no fear in marriage ; for young Charbon the Puritan and old Poysam the Papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one ; they may joll horns together like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave ?

Clo. A prophet I, madam ; and I speak the truth the next way.

*For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find ;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.*

Count. Get you gone, sir : I'll talk with you more anon

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you ; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would speak with her ; Helen I mean.

Clo. *Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy ?
Fond done, done fond,
Was this King Priam's joy ?
With that she sighéd as she stood,
With that she sighéd as she stood,
And gave this sentence then ;*

Among nine bad if one be good,

Among nine bad if one be good,

There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What! one good in ten? You corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam, which is a purifying o' the song. Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson. One in ten, quoth'a! an we might have a good woman born but for every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 't would mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you!

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no Puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—I am going, forsooth: the business is, for Helen to come hither. [Exit.

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage,

may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds : there is more owing her than is paid, and more shall be paid her than she 'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wished me : alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears ; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son. Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates ; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level ; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised, without rescue in the first assault or ransom afterwards. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in ; which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal, sithence in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly : keep it to yourself. Many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me · stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care. I will speak with you further anon.

[Exit Steward]

Even so it was with me when I was young.

If we are nature's, these are ours ; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong ;

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born :
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impressed in youth :
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults,—or then we thought them
none.

Enter HELENA.

Her eye is sick on't : I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam ?

Count. You know, Helen,

I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother.

Why not a mother ? When I said, a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent : what's in mother,
That you start at it ? I say, I am your mother,
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombéd mine. 'Tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature ; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds ;
You ne'er oppressed me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care.—

God's mercy, maiden ! does it curd thy blood,

To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distempered messenger of wet,
The many-coloured Iris, rounds thine eye?—
Why? that you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam;

The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother :
I am from humble, he from honoured name ;
No note upon my parents, his all noble :
My master, my dear lord, he is ; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die.
He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother ?

Hel. You are my mother, madam : would you
were—

So that my lord, your son, were not my brother—
Indeed my mother!— or were you both our
mothers,

I care no more for than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister. Can no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother ?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-
in-law.

*God shield you mean it not! daughter and mother
So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again?*

My fear hath caught your fondness : now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 't is gross,
You love my son : invention is ashamed,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say, thou dost not : therefore tell me true ;
But tell me then, 't is so :—for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, the one to the other ; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it : only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so ?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue ;
If it be not, forswear 't : howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me.

Count. Do you love my son ?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress.

Count. Love you my son ?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam ?

Count. Go not about : my love hath in 't a
bond,

Whereof the world takes note. Come, come, dis-
close

The state of your affection, for your passions

Have to the full appeached.

Hel.

Then, I confess,

Here on my knee, before high Heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high Heaven,
I love your son.—

My friends were poor, but honest ; so's my love :
Be not offended, for it hurts not him
That he is loved of me. I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit ;
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him,
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope ;
Yet, in this captious and intenable sieve
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still. Thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love
For loving where you do : but, if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in so true a flame of liking
Wish chastely and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and Love : O, then, give pity
To her, whose state is such that cannot choose
But lend and give where she is sure to lose ;

That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent—speak
truly,—

To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore?—tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself I swear.
You know, my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and proved effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he willed me
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note. Amongst the
rest,

There is a remedy approved set down
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is rendered lost.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.

Hel. My lord, your son, made me to think of
this;

Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts
Haply been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind ; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help. How shall they
credit

A poor unlearnéd virgin, when the schools,
Embowelled of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself ?

Hel. There's something in 't
More than my father's skill, which was the
greatest

Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven : and, would your
honour

But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on 's grace's cure
By such a day and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe 't ?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave,
and love,

Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court. I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt.

Be gone to-morrow ; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Paris. A Room in the KING's Palace.

*Flourish. Enter KING, with divers young Lords
taking leave for the Florentine war ;
BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and Attendants.*

King. Farewell, young lords : these warlike
principles

Do not throw from you :—and you, my lords,
farewell.—

Share the advice betwixt you ; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 't is received,
And is enough for both.

1 *Lord.* 'T is our hope, sir,
After well-entered soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be ; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young
lords ;

Whether I live or die, be you the sons

Of worthy Frenchmen : let higher Italy—
Those bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy—see, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it : when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud. I say, farewell.

2 *Lord.* Health, at your bidding, serve your
majesty !

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them :
They say, our French lack language to deny
If they demand : beware of being captives
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[*Exit, led out by Attendants.*]

1 *Lord.* O my sweet lord, that you will stay
behind us !

Par. 'T is not his fault, the spark.

2 *Lord.* O, 't is brave wars !

Par. Most admirable : I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil
with,—

‘Too young,’ and ‘the next year,’ and ‘t is too
early.’

Par. An thy mind stand to 't, boy, steal away
bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn
But one to dance with. By Heaven! I'll steal
away.

1 *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 *Lord.* I am your accessory; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured
body.

1 *Lord.* Farewell, captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet Monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin.
Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals:—
you shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one
Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of
war, here on his sinister cheek: it was this very
sword entrenched it: say to him, I live, and
observe his reports for me.

2 *Lord.* We shall, noble captain. [*Exeunt Lords.*]

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices!—

What will you do?

Ber. Stay; the king—

[*Re-enter the KING, led back to his chair by*

Attendants.

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble

lords : you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu : be more expressive to them ; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star ; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed. After them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove most sinewy swordsmen.

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM and PAROLLES.

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. [*Kneeling.*] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man stands, that has bought his pardon.

I would, you had kneeled, my lord, to ask me mercy,

And that, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had ; so I had broke thy pate, And asked thee mercy for 't.

Laf. Good faith, across. But, my good lord, 't is thus :

Will you be cured of your infirmity ?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox ?

Yes, but you will, my noble grapes, an if

My royal fox could reach them. I have seen

A medicine that's able to breathe life

Into a stone,

Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary

With spritely fire and motion ; whose simple
touch

Is powerful to araise King Pepin ; nay,

To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand,

And write to her a love-line.

King.

What 'her' is this ?

Laf. Why, Doctor She. My lord, there's one
arrived,

If you will see her :—now, by my faith and
honour,

If seriously I may convey my thoughts

In this my light deliverance, I have spoke

With one, that in her sex, her years, profession,

Wisdom, and constancy, hath amazed me more

Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you see
her—

For that is her demand—and know her business ?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondering how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [Exit.

King. Thus he his special nothing ever pro-
logues.

Re-enter LAFEU with HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings, indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.
This is his majesty, say your mind to him :
A traitor you do look like ; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears. I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together. Fare you well.
[Exit.

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow
us ?

Hel. Ay, my good lord.
Gerard de Narbonne was my father,
In what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards
him ;

Knowing him, is enough. On 's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me ; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bade me store up as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear. I have so ;
And, hearing your high majesty is touched
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden ;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us, and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom Nature
From her inaidable estate ; I say, we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics, or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains :
I will no more enforce mine office on you ;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be called grateful.

Thou thought'st to help me, and such thanks I give

As one near death to those that wish him live ;
But what at full I know, thou know'st no part,
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest gainst remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister :
So Holy Writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes ; great floods have
flown

From simple sources ; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises ; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest and despair most fits.

King. I must not hear thee : fare thee well,
kind maid.

Thy pains, not used, must by thyself be paid :
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspiréd merit so by breath is barred.

*It is not so with Him that all things knows
As 't is with us that square our guess by shows ;*

But most it is presumption in us when
The help of Heaven we count the act of men,
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent ;
Of Heaven, not me, make an experiment.

I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim ;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident ? Within what
space

Hop'st thou my cure ?

Hel. The great'st grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring,
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quenched his sleepy lamp ;
Or four-and-twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture ?

Hel. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness, a divulgéd shame,
Traduced by odious ballads : my maiden's name
Seared otherwise ; ne worse of worst extended,

With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth
speak

His powerful sound, within an organ weak ;
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear ; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate ;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happiness and prime can happy call :
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deserved. Not helping, death's my fee :
But, if I help, what do you promise me ?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even ?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of
heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly
hand

What husband in thy power I will command :

Exempted be from me the arrogance

To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state ;
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand ; the premises observed,
Thy will by my performance shall be served :
So make the choice of thy own time ; for I,
Thy resolved patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,—
Though more to know could not be more to trust,—
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on ; but rest
Unquestioned welcome, and undoubted blest.—
Give me some help here, ho !—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rousillon. A Room in the COUNTESS'S
Palace.

Enter COUNTESS and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir : I shall now put you to
the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed, and lowly
taught. I know, my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court? why, what place make

you special, when you put off that with such contempt!—‘But to the court!’

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off’s cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court. But, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that’s a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber’s chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta punk, as Tib’s rush for Tom’s forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday, a morris for Mayday, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun’s lip to the friar’s mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it. Here it is, and all that belongs to't: ask me, if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could. I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir!—there's a simple putting off.—More, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, 'O Lord, sir!' at your whipping, and 'Spare not me'? Indeed, your 'O Lord, sir!' is very sequent to your whipping: you

would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to 't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my 'O Lord, sir!' I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, To entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—why there't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir: to your business. Give Helen this,

And urge her to a present answer back:
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son.
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them?

Count. Not much employment for you: you understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—Paris. A Room in the KING's
Palace.

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

Laf. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 't is the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 't is.

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists,—

Par. So I say: both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right; so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 't is; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right; as 't were a man assured of a—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed : if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in—what do you call there?—

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it I would have said; the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier : 'fore me, I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, 't is strange, 't is very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of Heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak—

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence : which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

Laf. Generally thankful.

Par. I would have said it ; you say well. Here comes the king.

Enter KING, HELENA, and Attendants.

Laf. Lustick, as the Dutchman says : I'll like a

maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head.
Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. *Mort du vinaigre !* Is not this Helen ?

Laf. Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side :

And with this healthful hand, whose banished
sense

Thou hast repealed, a second time receive

The confirmation of my promised gift,

Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye : this youthful
parcel

Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,

O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice

I have to use : thy frank election make.

Thou hast power to choose, and they none to
forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous
mistress

Fall, when Love please !—marry, to each, but
one.

Laf. I'd give bay curtal and his furniture,

My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

King.

Peruse them well :

Not one of those but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,

Heaven hath through me restored the King to
health.

All. We understand it, and thank Heaven
for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid ; and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid.—

Please it your majesty, I have done already :

The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,

'We blush that thou shouldst choose ; but, be
refused,

Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever :

We'll ne'er come there again.'

King.

Make choice ; and see,

Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly,

And to imperial Love, that god most high,

Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit ?

1 Lord. And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir : all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw
ames-ace for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,

Before I speak, too threateningly replies :
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love !

2 Lord. No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great Love grant ! and so I take my
leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her ! An they were sons
of mine, I'd have them whipped, or I would send
them to the Turk to make eunuchs of.

Hel. [*To 3 Lord.*] Be not afraid that I your
hand should take ;

I'll never do you wrong, for your own sake :
Blessing upon your vows ! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed !

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none
have her : sure, they are bastards to the English :
the French ne'er got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too
good,

To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet,—I am sure, thy
father drank wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass, I

am a youth of fourteen : I have known thee already.

Hel. [*To BERTRAM.*] I dare not say, I take you ;
but I give

Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why, then, young Bertram, take her ;
she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege ! I shall beseech your
highness,

In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me ?

Ber. Yes, my good lord ;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st, she has raised me from my
sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising ? I know her well :
She had her breeding at my father's charge.
A poor physician's daughter my wife !—Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever !

King. 'T is only title thou disdain'st in her, the
which

can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,

Of colour, weight, and heat, poured all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous—save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter—thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name ; but do not so :
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed :
Where great additions swell 't, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour. Good alone
Is good without a name ; vileness is so :
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair ;
In these to nature she's immediate heir,
And these breed honour : that is honour's scorn
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire : honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive,
Than our foregoers. The mere word's a slave,
Deboshed on every tomb ; on every grave,
A lying trophy ; and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damned oblivion is the tomb
Of honoured bones indeed. What should be said !
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest : *virtue*, and she,
Is her own dower ; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restored, my lord, I'm glad.

Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake, which to defeat
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand;
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poisoning us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the staggers and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and
hate

Losing upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak: thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord, for I submit

My fancy to your eyes. When I consider
What great creation and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 't were, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise, if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune and the favour of the king
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be performed to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious, else, does err.

[*Exeunt KING, BERTRAM, HELENA,*

Lords, and Attendants.

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his
recantation.

Par. Recantation?—My lord? my master?

Laf. Ay; is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master?

Laf. Are you companion to the Count Rousillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man; count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow: thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel: it might pass; yet the scarfs, and the bannerets about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee: when I lose thee again, I care not, yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou'rt scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest *thou hasten thy trial*; which if—Lord have mercy *on thee for a hen*! So, my good window of lattice,

fare thee well : thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart ; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every drachm of it ;
And I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say, in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal : for doing I am past ;— as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. *[Exit.*

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me, scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord—
Well, I must be patient ; there is no fettering of

authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him : an if I could but meet him again !

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married : there's news for you ; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs : he is my good lord : whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who ? God ?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion ? dost make hose of thy sleeves ? do other servants so ? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee : methinks 't, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee : I think, thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir ; you were beaten in Italy for

picking a kernel out of a pomegranate : you are a vagabond, and no true traveller. You are more saucy with lords and honourable personages, than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Par. Good, very good ; it is so then :—good, very good. Let it be concealed a while.

Re-enter BERTRAM.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever !

Par. What is the matter, sweet-heart ?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,

I will not bed her.

Par. What, what, sweet-heart ?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me !—

I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits

The tread of a man's foot. To the wars !

Ber. There's letters from my mother : what the import is,

I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known. To the wars,
my boy ! to the wars !

He wears his honour in a box, unseen,
That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home,
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions!
France is a stable; we, that dwell in 't, jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so: I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak. His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife
To the dark house and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capriccio hold in thee, art sure!

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away: away to-morrow.
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in
it; 't is hard:

A young man married is a man that's married:
Therefore away, and leave her: bravely go;
The king has done you wrong; but hush, 't is so.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Paris. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter HELENA and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly : is she well ?

Clo. She is not well ; but yet she has her health : she's very merry ; but yet she is not well : but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i' the world ; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well ?

Clo. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things ?

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly ! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly !

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady !

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on ; and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave ! How does my old lady ?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man ; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing. To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away ! thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave 'thou'rt a knave' ; that is, before me thou'rt a knave : this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool ; I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir, or were you taught to find me ? The search, sir, was profitable ; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave i' faith, and well fed.—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night ;
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge,
But puts it off to a compelled restraint ;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strewed with
sweets,

Which they distil now in the curbed time
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave
o' the king,

And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthened with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtained, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In everything I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.

Laf. But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him
a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true. I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valour ; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes. I pray you, make us friends : I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. [*To BERTRAM.*] These things shall be done, sir.

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor ?

Par. Sir ?

Laf. O, I know him well. Ay, sir ; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. [*Aside to PAROLLES.*] Is she gone to the king ?

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night ?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my
treasure,

Given order for our horses ; and to-night,

When I should take possession of the bride
End, ere I do begin.

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner, but one that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard, and out of it you 'll run again rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil.

[*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common
speech

Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procured his leave
For present parting; only he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular: prepared I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat you,
That presently you take your way for home;
And rather muse than ask why I entreat you;
For my respects are better than they seem,
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shows itself at the first view
To you that know them not. This to my mother.

[Giving a letter.]

T will be two days ere I shall see you : so,
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely stars have failed
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go .
My haste is very great. Farewell : hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say ?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe ;
Nor dare I say 't is mine, and yet it is ;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have ?

Hel. Something, and scarce so much :—nothing,
indeed.—

I would not tell you what I would, my lord :—
Faith, yes ;—

Strangers and foes do sunder and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my
lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?

—Farewell. [Exit HELENA.

Go thou toward home ; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum.—
Away ! and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio !

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Florence. A Room in the DUKE'S
Palace.

Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE,
attended ; two French Lords, and Soldiers.

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have
you heard

The fundamental reasons of this war,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

1 *Lord.* Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's party ; black and fearful
On the opposer's.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much our cousin
France

Would, in so just a business shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 *Lord.*

Good my lord,

The reasons of our state I cannot yield
But like a common and an outward man
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion : therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guessed.

Duke.

Be it his pleasure.

2 *Lord.* But I am sure, the younger of our
nature,

That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.

Duke.

Welcome shall they be,

And all the honours that can fly from us
Shall on them settle. You know your places well ;
When better fall, for your avails they fell.
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish.* *Exeunt*

SCENE II.—Rousillon A Room in the
COUNTESS'S Palace.

Enter COUNTESS and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff, and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing. I know a man, that had this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come.

Clo. I have no mind to Isabel, since I was at court. Our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court: the brains of my Cupid's knocked out, and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [Exit.

Count. [Reads.] "I have sent you a daughter-

in-law : she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her ; and sworn to make the *not* eternal. You shall hear I am run away : know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate son, **BERTRAM.**"

This is not well : rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king !
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprising of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire !

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within,
between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter ?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news,
some comfort : your son will not be killed so soon
as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be killed ?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear
he does : the danger is in standing to 't ; that's the
loss of men, though it be the getting of children.
Here they come will tell you more ; for my part, I
only hear your son was run away. **[Exit.]**

Enter HELENA and two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 *Gent.* Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience.—Pray you, gentlemen,—

I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto't :—where is my son, I pray
you ?

2 *Gent.* Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of
Florence.

We met him thitherward ; for thence we came,
And, after some despatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam : here's my
passport. [*Reads.*] “When thou canst get the
ring upon my finger, which never shall come off,
and show me a child begotten of thy body, that I
am father to, then call me husband : but in such a
then I write a *never*.” This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen ?

1 *Gent.*

Ay, madam ;

And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our
pains.

Count. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer ;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety. He was my son,
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child:—Towards Florence
is he ?

2 Gent. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier ?

2 Gent. Such is his noble purpose ; and,
believe 't,

The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither ?

1 Gent. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of
speed.

Hel. [*Reads.*] "Till I have no wife, I have no-
thing in France."

'T is bitter.

Count. Find you that there ?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1 Gent. 'T is but the boldness of his hand,
Which haply, his heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no
wife !

There's *nothing here* that is too good for him,
But only she ; and she deserves a lord

That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with
him?

1 *Gent.* A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have sometime known.

Count. Parolles, was't not?

1 *Gent.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of
wickedness.

My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1 *Gent.* Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much
Which holds him much to have.

Count. Y' are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him, that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses : more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

2 *Gent.* We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near?

[*Exeunt COUNTESS and Gentlemen.*]

Hel. "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in
France."

Nothing in France, until he has no wife !
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France ;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord ! is't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing-war ? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where
thou

Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets ? O you leaden messengers
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim ; move the still piecing air
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord !
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there ;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it ;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected. Better 't were,
I met the ravin lion when he roared
With sharp constraint of hunger : better 't were,
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home,
Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all : *I will be gone.*
My being here it is that holds thee hence :

Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of Paradise did fan the house,
And angels officed all : I will be gone,
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To console thine ear. Come, night ; end, day !
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Florence. Before the DUKE's Palace.

Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art ; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength ; but yet
We'll strive to bear it, for your worthy sake,
To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth,
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress !

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file ;
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Rousillon. A Room in the
COUNTRESS'S Palace.

Enter COUNTESS and her Steward.

Count. Alas ! and would you take the letter of
her ?

Might you not know she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter ? Read it again.

Stew. [*Reads.*] ‘*I am Saint Jaques’ pilgrim,
thither gone.*

*Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.*

*Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,
My dearest master, your dear son, may live .
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify.*

*His taken labours bid him me forgive :
I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dogs the heels of worth :*

*He is too good and fair for Death and me,
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.’*

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words !—

Rinaldo, you ne'er lacked advice so much
As letting her pass so : had I spoke with her
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam :

If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en ; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband ? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom Heaven delights to
hear

And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife :
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light : my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Despatch the most convenient messenger.—
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return ; and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is dearest to me I have no skill in sense

To make distinction.—Provide this messenger.—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak ;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Without the Walls of Florence.

*A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence,
DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, and other Citizens.*

Wid. Nay, come ; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say, the French count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander, and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our labour ; they are gone a contrary way : hark ! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come ; let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl : the honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave ; hang him ! one

Parolles : a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana ; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under : many a maid hath been seduced by them ; and the misery is, example that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further ; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim : I know she will lie at my house ; thither they send one another. I'll question her.—

Enter HELENA, in the dress of a Pilgrim.

God save you, pilgrim !—whither are you bound ?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le Grand.

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you ?

Wid. At the Saint Francis, here beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way ?

Wid. Ay, marry, is't.—Hark you !

[A march afar off.]

They come this way.—If you will tarry, holy
pilgrim,

But till the troops come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodged :

The rather, for I think I know your hostess

As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your
leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The Count Rousillon: know you such a
one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of
him;

His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,

He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As't is reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking. Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth: I know his
lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the
count,

Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him;

In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated : all her deserving
Is a reservéd honesty, and that
I have not heard examined.

Dia. Alas, poor lady !

'T is a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. Ay, right ; good creature, wheresoe'er she
is,

Her heart weighs sadly. This young maid might
do her

A shrewd turn, if she pleased.

Hel. How do you mean?

May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does indeed ;

And brokes with all that can in such a suit

Corrupt the tender honour of a maid :

But she is armed for him, and keeps her guard

In honestest defence.

Mar.

The gods forbid else !

*Enter, with drum and colours, a party of the
Florentine army, BERTRAM, and PAROLLES.*

Wid. So, now they come.—

That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son ;

That, Escalus.

Hel.

Which is the Frenchman ?

Dia.

He ;

That with the plume : 't is a most gallant fellow ;
I would he loved his wife. If he were honest,
He were much goodlier ; is 't not a handsome
gentleman ?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'T is pity, he is not honest. Yond's that
same knave

That leads him to these places : were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.

Hel.

Which is he ?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why is he
melancholy ?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

Par. Lose our drum ! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vexed at something. Look,
he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you !

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier !

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *Officers,*
and Soldiers.

Wid. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will
bring you

Where you shall host : of enjoined penitents
There's four or five, to Great Saint Jacques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you.

Please it this matron and this gentle maid
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me ; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Camp before Florence.

Enter BERTRAM *and the two French Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't: let
him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding,
hold me no more in your respect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my lord : in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him, lest, reposing too far in his virtue which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him : such I will have whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy. We will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination : if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the *highest compulsion* of base fear, offer to *betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his*

power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in anything.

2 *Lord*. O for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum: he says he has a stratagem for 't. When your lordship sees the bottom of his success in 't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

1 *Lord*. O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the honour of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 *Lord*. A pox on 't! let it go: 't is but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so lost!—There was an excellent command, to charge in with our horse upon our own wings and to rend our own soldiers!

2 *Lord*. That was not to be blamed in the command of the service: it was a disaster of war that *Cæsar* himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success : some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum ; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might ; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered. But that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on ; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit : if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening : and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and by midnight look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou art valiant, and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [Exit.

1 *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done, damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do't?

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1 *Lord.* None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies. But we have almost embossed him, *you shall see his fall to-night*; for, indeed, he is *not for your lordship's respect*.

2 *Lord.* We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old Lord Lafau: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him, which you shall see this very night.

1 *Lord.* I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1 *Lord.* As't please your lordship: I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you

The lass I spoke of.

2 *Lord.* But, you say, she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault. I spoke with her but once,

And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,
Tokens and letters which she did re-send;
And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature;

Will you go see her?

2 *Lord.* With all my heart, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter HELENA and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well
born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses,
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband,
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word ; and then you cannot
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you ;
For you have showed me that which well approves
You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he woos your
daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolved to carry her : let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how 't is best to bear it.
Now, his important blood will naught deny
That she'll demand : a ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore 't : this ring he holds
In most rich choice ; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid.

Now I see

The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then. It is no more
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring, appoints him an encounter,
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent. After this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid.

I have yielded.

Instruct my daughter how she shall perséver,
That time and place with this deceit so lawful
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts, and songs composed
To her unworthiness : it nothings steads us

To chide him from our eaves, for he persists,
As if his life lay on 't.

Hel.

Why then, to-night

Let us assay our plot ; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.
But let's about it.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Without the Florentine Camp.

*Enter First French Lord, with five or six Soldiers
in ambush.*

1 *Lord.* He can come no other way but by this
hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak
what terrible language you will : though you
understand it not yourselves, no matter ; for we
must not seem to understand him, unless some one
among us, whom we must produce for an inter-
preter.

1 *Sold.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1 *Lord.* Art not acquainted with him ? knows
he not thy voice ?

1 *Sold.* No, sir, I warrant you.

1 *Lord.* But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again?

1 *Sold.* Even such as you speak to me.

1 *Lord.* He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now, he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore, we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another, so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 't will be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me, and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] This is the first truth that e'er
thine own tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit. Yet slight ones will not carry it: they will say, 'Came you off with so little?' and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

1 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be that he is?

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to say, it was in stratagem.

1 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] 'T would not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say, I was stripped.

1 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

1 Lord. [*Aside.*] How deep?

Par. Thirty fathom.

1 Lord. [*Aside.*] Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's : I would swear I recovered it.

1 Lord. [*Aside.*] You shall hear one anon.

Par. A drum now of the enemy's !

Alarum within.

1 Lord. *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O ! ransom, ransom !—Do not hide mine eyes. [*They seize and blindfold him.*]

1 Sold. *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know, you are the Muskos' regiment ;
And I shall lose my life for want of language.
If there be here German, or Dane, Low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me :
I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.

1 Sold. *Boskos varuvado :—*

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue :—
*Kerelybonto :—*Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

Par. O !

1 *Sold.* O, pray, pray, pray !—
Manka revania dulcha.

1 *Lord.* *Oscorbi dulchos volivorca.*

1 *Sold.* The general is content to spare thee
yet,
And, hoodwinked as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee : haply, thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
Their force, their purposes ; nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

1 *Sold.* But wilt thou faithfully ?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1 *Sold.* *Acordo linta.*—
Come on, thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with PAROLLES guarded.*

1 *Lord.* Go, tell the Count Rousillon, and my
brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him
muffled,
Till we do hear from them.

2 *Sold.* Captain, I will.

1 *Lord.* 'A will betray us all unto ourselves.
Inform on that.

2 *Sold.* So I will, sir.

1 *Lord.* Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely
locked. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Florence. A Room in the Widow's
House.

Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.

Ber. They told me, that your name was
Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess,
And worth it, with addition ! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality ?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument :
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern ;
And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No :

My mother did but duty ; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more o' that !
I prythee, do not strive against my vows.

I was compelled to her ; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.

Dia.

Ay, so you serve us,
Till we serve you ; but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.

Ber.

How have I sworn !

Dia. 'T is not the many oaths that make the
truth,

But the plain single vow, that is vowed true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the Highest to witness : then, pray you,
tell me,

If I should swear by Jove's great attributes
I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths
When I did love you ill ? This has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love
That I will work against him. Therefore, your
oaths

Are words, and poor conditions, but unsealed ;
At least in my opinion.

Ber.

Change it, change it.

Be not so holy-cruel : love is holy,
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,

But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover : say, thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so perséver.

Dia. I see, that men make hopes in such a case,
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear ; but have no
power

To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord ?

Ber. It is an honour longing to our house,
Bequeathéd down from many ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring.
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathéd down from many ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose. Thus, your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring :
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my
chamber-window :

I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.

Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquered my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me.
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know
them,

When back again this ring shall be delivered:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring, that what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu till then; then, fail not. You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing
thee. [Exit.]

Dia. For which live long to thank both Heaven
and me!

You may so in the end.—

My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in 's heart; she says, all men
Have the like oaths. He had sworn to marry me,
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry that will, I live and die a maid.
Only, in this disguise, I think 't no sin
To cozen him that would unjustly win. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—The Florentine Camp.

*Enter the two French Lords, and two or three
Soldiers.*

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 *Lord.* I have delivered it an hour since : there is something in 't that stings his nature, for on the reading it he changed almost into another man.

1 *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady.

2 *Lord.* Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly within you.

1 *Lord.* When you have spoken it, 't is dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman, here in Florence, of a most chaste renown, and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour : he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks *himself* made in the unchaste composition.

1 *Lord.* Now, God delay our rebellion : as we are ourselves, what things are we !

2 *Lord.* Merely our own traitors : and as in the common course of all treasons we still see them reveal themselves till they attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents ? We shall not then have his company to-night ?

2 *Lord.* Not till after midnight, for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace : I would gladly have him see his company anatomised, that he might take a measure of his own judgment wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he come, for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the meantime, what hear you of these wars ?

2 *Lord.* I hear there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will Count Rousillon do then ?
will he travel higher, or return again into France ?

1 *Lord.* I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his counsel.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, sir; so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand, which holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this justified?

1 *Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily, some other times, we

drown our gain in tears. The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord*. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now! where's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 *Lord*. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

1 *Lord*. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now.

Enter BERTRAM.

How now, my lord! is 't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have conge'd with the duke, done my *adieu* with his nearest, buried a wife, mourned for *her*, writ to my lady mother I am returning,

entertained my convoy ; and between these main parcels of despatch effected many nicer needs : the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord*. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier ? Come, bring forth this counterfeit model : he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

2 *Lord*. Bring him forth. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*]
He has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter ; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself ?

1 *Lord*. I have told your lordship already ; the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood, he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk. He hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his sitting i' the stocks ; and what think you he hath confessed ?

Ber. Nothing of me, has 'a?

2 Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in 't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, with PAROLLES.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled? he can say nothing of me: hush! hush!

1 Lord. Hoodman comes!—*Porto tartarossa.*

1 Sold. He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

1 Sold. *Bosko chimurcho.*

2 Lord. *Boblibindo chicurmurcho.*

1 Sold. You are a merciful general.—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 Sold. 'First, demand of him, how many horse the duke is strong.' What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 *Sold.* Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do: I'll take the sacrament on 't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

1 *Lord.* You are deceived, my lord: this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist—that was his own phrase—that had the whole theorie of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 *Lord.* I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have everything in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said—I will say true—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for 't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir. A truth's a truth: the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 *Sold.* 'Demand of him, of what strength they are afoot.' What say you to that?

Pur. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see : Spurio, a hundred and fifty ; Sebastian, so many ; Corambus, so many ; Jaques, so many ; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each ; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each : so that the muster file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll ; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him ?

1 *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks.—Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down. 'You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman ; what his reputation is with the duke ; what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars ; or whether he thinks, it were not possible with well-weighing sums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt.' What say you to this ? what do you know of it ?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the *particular* of the inter'gatories : demand them *singly*.

1 *Sold.* Do you know this Captain Dumain?

Par. I know him : he was a botcher's prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool with child ; a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.

[DUMAIN lifts up his hand in anger.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands ; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1 *Sold.* Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lousy.

1 *Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me ; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 *Sold.* What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band : I think I have his letter in my pocket.

1 *Sold.* Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know : either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 *Sold.* Here 't is : here 's a paper ; shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

1 *Sold.* [*Reads.*] ‘*Dian, the count’s a fool, and
full of gold,—*

Par. That is not the duke’s letter, sir : that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish. I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 *Sold.* Nay, I’ll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in ’t, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid : for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both-sides rogue !

1 *Sold.* [*Reads.*] ‘*When he swears oaths, bid him
drop gold, and take it ;*

After he scores, he never pays the score :

*Half won is match well made ; match, and well
make it :*

He ne’er pays after debts ; take it before,

And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this.

Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss ;

For count of this, the count’s a fool, I know it,

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in 's forehead.

2 Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir; the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure anything before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1 Sold. I perceive, sir, by our general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case! Not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or anywhere, so I may live.

1 Sold. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely: therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain. You have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: what is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is *stronger than Hercules*. He will lie, *sir, with such volubility*, that you would think

truth were a fool. Drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swinedrunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has everything that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him! for me he is more and more a cat.

1 *Sold.* What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile End, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord.* He hath out-villained villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat still.

1 *Sold.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a cardecue he will sell the fee-

simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 *Sold.* What's his brother, the other Captain Dumain?

2 *Lord.* Why does he ask him of me?

1 *Sold.* What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 *Sold.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon.

1 *Sold.* I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. [*Aside.*] I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush, where I was taken?

1 *Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must

die. The general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

1 *Sold.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. *[Unmuffling him.*

So, look about you: know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* God bless you, captain Parolles.

1 *Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1 *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.

[Exeunt BERTRAM, Frenchmen, &c.]

1 *Sold.* You are undone, captain; all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

1 *Sold.* If you could find out a country where
but women were that had received so much shame,

you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir ; I am for France too : we shall speak of you there. *[Exit.*

Par. Yet am I thankful : if my heart were great,

'T would burst at this. Captain I'll be no more ;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall : simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a
braggart,

Let him fear this ; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword ! cool, blushes ! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame ! being fooled, by foolery thrive !
There's place and means for every man alive !
I'll after them. *[Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not
wronged you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
*Shall be my surety : fore whose throne, 't is need-
ful,*

Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life ; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth
And answer thanks. I duly am informed,
His grace is at Marseilles ; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead : the army breaking,
My husband hies him home ; where, Heaven aid-
ing,

And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid.

Gentle madam,

You never had a servant to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel.

Nor you, mistress,

Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love. Doubt not, but Heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozened thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night ! So lust doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away.

But more of this hereafter.—You, Diana,

Under my poor instructions, yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you :
But with the word, the time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away ;
Our waggon is prepared, and time revives us :
All's well that ends well : still the fine's the
crown ;

Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Rousillon. A Room in the
COUNTESS'S Palace.

Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, and *Clown.*

Laf. No, no, no ; your son was misled with a
snipt-taffeta fellow there, whose villainous saffron
would have made all the unbaked and doughy
youth of a nation in his colour : your daughter-in-
law had been alive at this hour, and your son here
at home, more *advanced* by the king than by that
red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him. It was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever Nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'T was a good lady, 't was a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads, ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not salad-herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. 'Faith, sir, 'a has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir; *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse. I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of 'serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in 's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be aweary of thee;

and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways : let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks, which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*]

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him : by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness ; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well ; 't is not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king, my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter ; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose. His highness hath promised me to do it ; and to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it ?

Count. With very much content, my lord ; and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles,

of as able body as when he numbered thirty : he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night : I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter ; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam ! yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face : whether there be a scar under it or no, the velvet knows ; but 't is a goodly patch of velvet. His left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour ; so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you : I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith there's a dozen of 'em with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers which bow the head and nod at every man. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Marseilles. A Street.

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low : we cannot help it ;
But, since you have made the days and nights as
one,

To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold you do so grow in my requital
As nothing can uproot you. In happy time ;

Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen

From the report that goes upon your goodness ;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will ?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king,
And aid me, with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.

Gent. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir ?

Gent. Not, indeed :
He hence removed last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains !

Hel. All's well that ends well yet,
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit. —
I do beseech you, whither is he gone ?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon ;
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand ;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.

I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well
thanked,

Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again :—
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rousillon. The Inner Court of the
COUNTESS'S Palace.

Enter Clown and PAROLLES.

Par. Good Monsieur Lavatch, give my Lord
Lafeu this letter. I have ere now, sir, been better
known to you, when I have held familiarity with
fresher clothes ; but I am now, sir, muddied in
Fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her
strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, Fortune's displeasure is but sluttish ;
if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of, I will
henceforth eat no fish of Fortune's buttering.
Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir :
I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will

stop my nose ; or against any man's metaphor.
Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh ! pr'ythee, stand away : a paper from Fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman ! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of Fortune's, sir, or of Fortune's cat (but not a musk-cat), that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal. Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may, for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. [*Exit.*

Par. My lord, I am a man whom Fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do ? 'Tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with Fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady and would not have knaves thrive long under her ? There's a cardecue for you. Let the justices *make you and Fortune friends* ; I am for other *business*.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more : come, you shall ha' 't ; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then,—Cox my passion ! give me your hand.—How does your drum ?

Par. O my good lord ! you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth ? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave ! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil ? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king's coming ; I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me : I had talk of you last night. Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat : go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in the
COUNTESS'S Palace.

Flourish. Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, Lords,
Gentlemen, Guards, &c.

King. We lost a jewel of her, and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it : but your son,
As mad in folly, lacked the sense to know
Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege ;
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth,
When oil and fire too strong for reason's force
O'erbears it and burns on.

King. My honoured lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all,
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watched the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,—
But first I beg my pardon,—the young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note, but to himself
The greatest wrong of all : he lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes ; whose words all ears took captive ;

Whose dear perfection hearts that scorned to serve
Humbly called mistress.

King. Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him
hither.

We are reconciled, and the first view shall kill
All repetition.—Let him not ask our pardon :
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it : let him approach,
A stranger, no offender ; and inform him,
So 't is our will he should.

Gent.

I shall, my liege.

[*Exit.*

King. What says he to your daughter ? have you
spoke ?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your
highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have
letters sent me
That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf.

He looks well on 't.

King. I am not a day of season,
For thou may'st see a sunshine and a hail

In me at once ; but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way : so stand thou forth ;
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repentéd blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole ;
Not one word more of the consuméd time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top,
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord ?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege.
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue :
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me
Which warped the line of every other favour,
Scorned a fair colour, or expressed it stolen,
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object. Thence it came,
That she whom all men praised and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have loved, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excused :
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away

From the great compt. But love that comes too late,

Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, 'That's good that's gone.' Our rasher faults

Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them until we know their grave :
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends and after weep their dust :
Our own love, waking, cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin :
The main consents are had ; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first, O dear
Heaven, bless !

Or, ere they meet, in me, O Nature, cess !

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's
name

Must be digested, give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. [*BERTRAM gives a ring.*]

—By my old beard,

And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,

Was a sweet creature ; such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it ; for mine
eye,

While I was speaking, oft was fastened to 't.—
This ring was mine ; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave
her

Of what should stead her most ?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it ; and she reckoned it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceived : my lord, she never saw
it.

In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapped in a paper, which contained the name
Of her that threw it. Noble she was, and thought
I stood engaged : but when I had subscribed

To mine own fortune, and informed her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceased,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science
Than I have in this ring: 't was mine, 't was
Helen's,

Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 't was hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She called the saints to
surety,

That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
Where you have never come, or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine
honour,

And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'t will not prove so ;—
And yet I know not :—thou didst hate her deadly,

And she is dead ; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—

[*Guards seize* BERTRAM.

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly feared too little.—Away with him !
We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit, guarded.*

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrapped in dismal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not :
Here's a petition from a Florentine
Who hath, for four or five removes, come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquished thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending : her business looks in her
With an importing visage, and she told me,
In a *sweet verbal brief*, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [*Reads.*] ‘*Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon a widower: his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour’s paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice. Grant it me, O king! in you it best lies: otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.*

‘*DIANA CAPILET.*’

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll: for this, I’ll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee,
Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery. — Seek these
sutors:—

Go speedily, and bring again the count.

[*Exeunt Gentleman and some Attendants.*]

I am afeard, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatched.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter BERTRAM, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, sith wives are monsters to
you,

*And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.—*

Re-enter Gentleman, with Widow and DIANA.

What woman's that?

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derivéd from the ancient Capilet :
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and
honour

Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count. Do you know these
women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them. Do they charge me
further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your
wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine ;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine ;
You give away myself, which is known mine ;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That *she which marries* you must marry me ;
Either both, or none.

Laf. [*To BERTRAM.*] Your reputation comes too short for my daughter : you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,

Whom sometime I have laughed with. Let your highness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend

Till your deeds gain them ; fairer prove your honour

Than in my thought it lies.

Dia. Good my lord,

Ask him upon his oath, if he does think He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her ?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord ;

And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord : if I were so, He might have bought me at a common price :

Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,

Whose high respect, and rich validity,

Did lack a parallel ; yet for all that,

He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,

If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 't is it :
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferred by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been owed and worn. This is his wife :
That ring 's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought, you said,
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument : his name 's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Ber. What of him ?
He 's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world taxed and deboshed,
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.
Am I or that or this for what he'll utter,
That will speak anything ?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think, she has : certain it is, I liked her
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth.
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy ; and, in fine,
Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,

Subdued me to her rate : she got the ring,
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient ;
You, that turned off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,—
Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,—
Send for your ring ; I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you ?

Dia. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring ? this ring was his of
late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it
him

Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoken the truth.

Re-enter Attendant with PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confess, the ring was here.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts
you.—

Is this the man you speak of ?

Dia.

Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,

Not fearing the displeasure of your master—

Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off—

By him and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman : tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose. Did he love this woman?

Par. Faith, sir, he did love her ; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave. What an equivocal companion is this!

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promised me marriage?

Par. Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to speak of: therefore, I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married. But thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore, stand aside.—
This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,

How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord : she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine : I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away : I do not like her now.
To prison with her ; and away with him.—
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring
Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 't was you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accused him all this while ?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty.
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to 't :
I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life !
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to LAFEU.*

King. She does abuse our ears. To prison with her !

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. [*Exit widow.*]
—*Stay, royal sir :*

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abused me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harmed me, here I quit him.
He knows himself my bed he hath defiled,
And at that time he got his wife with child :
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick. 1
So there's my riddle,—one that's dead is quick ;
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes ?
Is 't real, that I see ?

Hel. No, my good lord ;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see ;
The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both ! O, pardon !

Hel. O my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring ;
And, look you, here's your letter ; this it says :
"When from my finger you can get this ring.
And are by me with child," &c.—This is done
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won ?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this
clearly,

I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you !—

O my dear mother, do I see you living ?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon.
—[*To PAROLLES.*] Good Tom Drum, lend me a
handkerchief: so, I thank thee. Wait on me
home, I'll make sport with thee: let thy courtesies
alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story
know,

To make the even truth in pleasure flow.

[*To DIANA.*] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped
flower,

Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower ;

For I can guess, that by thy honest aid

Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—

Of that, and all the progress, more and less,

Resolv'dly more leisure shall express :

All yet seems well ; and if it end so meet,

The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

[*Flourish.*

EPILOGUE

King. The king's a beggar now the play is
done.

All is well ended, if this suit be won—
That you express content ; which we will pay
With strife to please you, day exceeding day :
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts ;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[*Exeunt.*

GILETTA OF NARBONA.

From William Painter's "PALACE OF PLEASURE."

THE THIRTY-EIGHTH NOVELL.

Gilletta a Phisicians doughter of Narbon, healed the Frenche Kyng of a Fistula, for reward wherof she demaunded Beltramo Counte of Rossiglione to husbände. The Counte beyng married againste his will, for despite fled to Florence and loved an other. Giletta his wife, by pollicie founde meanes to lye with her husbände, in place of his lover, and was begotten with child of twoo soonnes: whiche knowne to her husbände, he received her againe, and afterwarde she lived in great honor and felicitie.

IN Fraunce there was a gentleman called Isnardo, the Counte of Rossiglione, who bicause he was sickly and diseased, kepte alwaies in his house a Phisicion, named maister Gerardo of Narbona.

This Counte had one onely sonne called Beltramo, a verie yonge childe, pleasaunt and faire. With whom there was nourished and broughte up, many other children of his age: emonges whom one of the doughters of the said Phisicion, named Giletta, who ferventlie fell in love with Beltramo, more then was meete for a maiden of her age.

This Beltramo, when his father was dedde, and left under the roial custodie of the kyng, was sente to Paris, for whose departure, the maiden was verie pensife.

A litle while after, her father beyng likewise dedde, she was desirous to goe to Paris, onely to see the yong Counte, if for that purpose she could gette any good occasion. But beyng diligently looked unto by her kinsfolke (bicause she was riche and fatherlesse) she could see no conveniente waie, for her intended journey: and being now marriageable, the love she bare to the Counte, was never out of her remembraunce, and refused many husbändes, with whom her kinsfolke would have placed her, without making them

privie, to the occasion of her refusall. Now it chaunced that she burned more in love with Beltramo, then ever she did before, bicause she heard tell, that he was growen to the state of a goodly yonge gentlemanne.

She heard by reporte, that the Frenche Kyng, had a swellung upon his breast, whiche by reason of ill cure, was growen to a Fistula, and did putte him to marvellous paine and grief, and that there was no Phisicion to be founde (although many were proved) that could heale it, but rather did impaire the grief, and made it worsse and worsse. Wherefore the kyng, like one that was in dispaire, would take no more counsaill or helpe. Wherof the yonge maiden was wonderfull glad, and thought to have by this meanes, not onelie a lawfull occasion to goe to Paris; but if the disease were suche (as she supposed,) easely to bryng to passe that she might have the Counte Beltramo to her husbanda.

Whereupon with suche knowledge, as she had learned at her fathers handes before time, she made a powder of certain herbes, whiche she thought meete for that disease, and rode to Paris. And the first thing she went about, when she came thither, was to see the Counte Beltramo. And then she repaired to the kyng, praying his grace, to vouchsaufe to shewe her his disease. The kyng perceivynge her to bee a faire yonge maiden and a comelie, would not hide it, but opened the same unto her. So sonne as she sawe it, she putte hym in comforte; that she was able to heale hym, sayng:

"Sire, if it shall please your grace, I trust in God, without any paine or griefe unto your highnesse, within eighte daies I will make you whole of this disease."

The kyng hearyng her saie so, began to mocke her, sayng: "How is it possible for thee, beyng a yong woman, to doe that, whiche the best renowned Phisicions in the worlde can not?" He thanked her, for her good will, and made her a directe answer, that he was determined no more to followe the counsaile of any Phisicion.

Whereunto the maiden answered: "Sire, you dispise my knowledge, bicause I am yonge, and a woman, but I assure you, that I doe not minister Phisicke by profession, but by the aide and helpe of God: and with the cunnynge of maister Gerardo of Narbona, who was my father, and a Phisicion of greate fame, so longe as he lived."

The kyng hearyng those wordes, saied to hymself: "This woman peradventure is sent unto me of God, and therefore, why should I disdain to prove her cunningg? Sithens she promiseth to heale me within a litle space, without any offence or grief unto me."

And beyng determined to prove her, he said: "Damosell, if thou doest not heale me, but make me to breake my determination, what wilt thou shall folowe thereof."

"Sire," saied the maiden: "Let me be kept in what garde and kepyng you list: and if I dooe not heale you within these eight daies, let me bee burnte: but if I doe heale your grace, what recompence shall I have then?"

To whom the kyng answered: "Bicause thou art a maiden, and unmarried, if thou heale me, accordyng to thy promise, I will bestowe thee upon some gentleman, that shalbe of right good worship and estimacion."

To whom she answered: "Sire I am verie well content, that you bestowe me in mariage: But I will have suche a husbände, as I my self shall demaunde; without presumption to any of your children, or other of your blouddes."

Whiche requeste, the kyng incontinently graunted.

The yong maiden began to minister her Phisicke, and in shorte space, before her appointed tyme, she had thoroughly cured the kyng. And when the kyng perceived himself whole, said unto her: "Thou hast well deserved a husbände (Giletta) even suche a one as thy selfe shalt chose."

"I have then my Lorde (quod she) deserved the Countie Beltramo of Rossiglione, whom I have loved from my youthe."

The kyng was very lothe to graunte hym unto her: But bicause he had made a promis, whiche he was lothe to breake, he caused hym to be called forthe, and saied unto hym: "Sir Countee, bicause you are a gentleman of greates honor, our pleasure is, that you retourne home to your owne house, to order your estate according to your degree: and that you take with you a Damosell whiche I have ppointed to be your wife."

To whom the Countee gave his humble thankes, and demaunded what she was?

"It is she (quoth the kyng) that with her medecines, hath healed me."

The Countee knewe her well, and had alredie seen her,

although she was faire, yet knowing her not to be of a stocke, convenable to his nobilitie, disdainfullie said unto the king, "Will you then (sir) give me, a Phisicion to wife? It is not the pleasure of God, that ever I should in that wise bestowe my self."

To whom the kyng said: "Wilt thou then, that we should breake our faith, whiche we to recover healthe, have given to the damosell, who for a rewarde thereof, asked thee to husband?"

"Sire (quod Beltramo) you maie take from me al that I have, and give my persone to whom you please, bicause I am your subject: but I assure you, I shall never bee contented with that mariage."

"Well, you shall have her (saied the Kyng), for the maiden is faire and wise, and loveth you moste intirely: thinkyng verelie you shall leade a more joyfull life with her, then with a ladie of a greater house."

The Counte therewithal helde his peace; and the king made great preparacion for the mariage. And when the appointed daie was come, the Counte in the presence of the kyng (although it were againste his will) married the maiden, who loved hym better then her owne selfe.

Whiche dooen, the Counte determyning before, what he would doe, praied licence to retourne to his countrie, to consummat the mariage. And when he was on horsebacke, he went not thither, but tooke his journey into Thuscane, where understanding that the Florentines and Senois were at warres, he determined to take the Florentines parte, and was willinglie received, and honourable interteigned, and made capitaine of a certaine number of men, continuyng in their service a longe tyme.

The newe married gentlewoman, scarce contented with that, and hopyng by her well doying, to cause hym to retourne into his countrie, went to Rossiglione, where she was received of all his subjectes, for their Ladie. And perceivyng that through the Countes absence, all thinges were spoiled and out of order; she like a sage lady, with greate diligence and care, disposed all thynges in order *againe*, whereof the subjectes rejoyced verie much, bearyng to her their hartie love and affection, greatlie blamyng the Counte, bicause he could not contente himself with her.

This notable gentlewoman, having restored all the

countrie againe, sent worde thereof to the Counte her husbände, by twoo Knightes of the countrie, whiche she sent to signifie unto hym, that if it were for her sake, that he had abandoned his countrie, he should sende her worde thereof, and she to doe hym pleasure, would depart from thence.

To whom he chorlishlie said: "Lette her doe what she list. For I doe purpose to dwell with her, when she shall have this ryng, (meaning a ryng which he wore) upon her finger, and a soonne in her armes, begotten by me."

He greatly loved that ryng, and kepte it verie carefullie, and never tooke it of from his finger, for a certaine vertue that he knewe it had.

The knightes hearyng the harde condicion of twoo thinges impossible: and seying that by them he could not be removed from his determinacion, thei retourned againe to the ladie, tellinge her his answer: who verie sorowfull, after she hadde a good while bethought her self, purposed to finde meanes, to attaine to those twoo thynges, to the intende, that thereby she might recover her husbände.

And havynge advised with her self what to doe, she assembled the noblest and chiefest of her countrie, declaring unto them in lamentable wise, what she had alredie dooen, to winne the love of the Counte, shewyng them also what folowed thereof. And in the ende saied unto them, that she was lothe the Counte for her sake, should dwell in perpetuall exile: therefore she determined, to spende the rest of her tyme in pilgrimages and devocion, for preservation of her soule, praiyng them to take the charge, and governemente of the countrie, and that thei would lette the Counte understande, that she had forsaken his house, and was removed farre from thence: with purpose never to retourne to Rossiglione againe.

Many teares were shedde by the people, as she was speakyng these wordes, and divers supplicacions were made unto him to alter his opinion, but al in vaine. Wherefore commending them all unto God, she tooke her waie, with her maide and one of her kinsemen, in the habite of a pilgrime, well furnished with silver and precious jewelles, tellyng no man whither shee went, and never rested till she came to Florence, where by Fortune at a poore widowes house she contented her self, with the state of a poore

pilgrime, desirous to here newes of her lorde, whom by fortune she sawe the next daie, passing by the house (where she lay) on horsebacke with his companie.

And although she knewe him well enough, yet she demaunded of the good wife of the house what he was; who answered that he was a straunge gentleman, called the Counte Beltramo of Rossiglione, a curteous knight, and wel-beloved in the Citie, and that he was merveilously in love with a neighbor of her, that was a gentlewoman, verie poore and of small substaunce, neverthelesse of right honest life and report, and by reason of her povertie, was yet unmarried, and dwelte with her mother, that was a wise and honest ladie.

The Countesse well notyng these wordes, and by litle and litle debatyng every particular point thereof, comprehending the effectes of those newes, concluded what to doe, and when she had well understood whiche was the house, and the name of the ladie and of her daughter, that was beloved of the Counte: upon a daie repaired to the house secretlie, in the habite of a pilgrime, where finding the mother and daughter, in poore estate emonges their familie, after she hadde saluted them, tolde the mother that she had to saie unto her. The gentlewoman risyng up, curteouslie interteigned her, and beyng entred alone into a chamber, thei sette doune, and the Countesse began to saie unto her in this wise. "Madame, me thinke that ye be one upon whom Fortune doeth frowne, so well as upon me; but if you please, you maie bothe comfort me and your self."

The ladie answered, "That there was nothyng in the worlde, whereof she was more desirous, then of honest comforte."

The Countesse procedyng in her talke, saied unto her, "I have nede now of your fidelitie and trust, whereupon if I doe staie, and you deceive me, you shall bothe undoe me, and your self."

"Tell me then what it is hardelie (saied the gentlewoman) if it bee your pleasure, for you shall never bee deceived of me."

Then the Countesse beganne to recite her whole estate of Love, tellyng her what she was, and what had chaunced to that present daie, in such perfite order that the gentlewoman belevyng her woordes, because she had partlie

heard report thereof before, beganne to have compassion upon her, and after that the Countesse had rehearsed all the whole circumstance, she continued her purpose, saying, "Now you have heard emonges other my troubles, what two thynges thei bee, whiche behoveth me to have, if I doe recover my husbände, whiche I knowe none can helpe me to obtain, but onely you: If it bee true that I heare, whiche is, that the Counte, my husbände, is farre in love with your daughter."

To whom the gentlewoman said: "Madame, if the Counte love my daughter, I knowe not, albeit the likelihoode is greate; but what am I able to doe, in that which you desire?"

"Madame," answered the Countesse, "I will tell you; but first I will declare what I mean to doe for you, if my determination be brought to effect: I see your faier daughter of good age, redie to marie, but, as I understand, the cause why she is unmarried, is the lacke of substance to bestowe upon her. Wherefore I purpose, for recompence of the pleasure, whiche you shall doe for me, to give so much redie money to marie her honorably, as you shall thinke sufficient."

The Countesse offer was very well liked of the ladie, bicause she was but poore; yet having a noble hart, she said unto her, "Madame, tell me wherein I maie do you service; and if it be a thing honest, I will gladlie performe it, and the same being brought to passe, do as it shal please you."

Then said the Countesse, "I thinke it requisite that by some one whom you truste, that you give knowledge to the Counte my husbände, that your daughter is and shalbe at his commaundement. And to the intent she maie bee well assured, that he loveth her in deede above any other, that she praieth him to sende her a ring that he weareth upon his finger, whiche ring, she heard tell, he loved verie derely. And when he sendeth the ryng, you shall give it unto me, and afterwarde sende hym woordes that your daughter is redie to accomlishe his pleasure, and then you shall cause hym secretly to come hither, and place me by hym (in steede of your daughter), peradventure God will give me the grace that I maie bee with childe, and so havynge this ryng on my finger, and the childe in myne armes, begotten

by hym, I shall recover hym, and by your meanes continue with hym, as a wife ought to doe with her husbände."

This thing semed difficulte unto the gentlewoman, fearyng that there would folowe reproche unto her daughter. Notwithstanding, considering what an honest parte it were, to be a meane, that the good ladie should recover her husbände, and that she should doe it for a good purpose, havynge affiaunce in her honest affection, not onely promised the Countesse to bryng this to passe; but in fewe daies with greate subtiltie, folowyng the order wherein she was instructed, she had gotten the ryng, although it was with the Countes ill will, and toke order that the Countesse in stede of her daughter did lye with hym.

And at the first meetyng, so affectuouly desired by the Counte, God so disposed the matter that the Countesse was begotten with childe, of twoo goodly sonnes, and her delivery chaunced at the due time. Wherupon the gentlewoman, not onely contented the Countesse at that tyme, with the companie of her husbände, but at many other times so secretly that it was never known; the Counte not thinkyng that he had lien with his wife, but with her whom he loved. To whom at his uprisyng in the mornyng he used many curteous and amiable woordes, and gave divers faire and precious jewelless, whiche the Countesse kept moste carefullie; and when she perceived herself with childe, she determined no more to trouble the gentlewoman, but said unto her, "Madame, thanks bee to God and you, I have the thyng that I desire, and even so it is time to recompence your desert, that afterwarde I maie departe."

The gentlewoman saied unto her, that if she had doen any pleasure agreable to her mind, she was right glad thereof, whiche she did, not for hope of reward; but because it appertained to her by well doynge, so to doe.

Wherunto the Countesse saied: "Your sayyng pleaseth me well, and likewise for my parte, I dooe not purpose to give unto you, the thing you shall demaunde of me in reward, but for consideration of your well doynge, whiche duetie forceth me to so dooe." The gentlewoman then constrained with necessitie, demaunded of her with greate bashfulnessse, an hundred poundes, to marie her daughter. The Countesse perceivying the shamefastnesse of the gentlewoman, and hearyng her curteous demaunde, gave her

five hundred poundes, and so many faire and costly Jewels, whiche almost amounted to like valer. For whiche the gentlewoman more then contented, gave moste hartie thanks to the Countesse, who departed from the gentlewoman, and retourned to her lodging.

The gentlewoman to take occasion from the Counte, of any farther repaire, or sendyng to her house, tooke her doughter with her, and went into the countrie to her frendes. The Counte Beltramo, within few daies after, beyng revoked home to his owne house by his subjects (hearyng that the Countesse was departed from thence) returned.

The Countesse knowynge, that her husbände was gone from Florence, and retourned into his countrie, was verie glad, and contented, and she continewed in Florence, till the tyme of her child bedde was come, and was brought a bedde of twoo sonnes, which were verie like unto their father, and caused them carefullie to be noursed, and brought up, and when she sawe tyme, she toke her journey (unknowne) to any manne) and arrived at Montpellier, and resting her self there for certaine daies, hearyng newes of the Counte, and where he was, and that upon the daie of all Sainctes, he purposed to make a great feast, and assemblie of ladies and knightes, in her pilgrimes weede she wente thither.

And knowyng that thei were all assembled, at the pallace of the Counte, redie to sitte doune at the table, she passed through the people, without chaunge of apparell, with her two sonnes in her armes. And when she was come up into the hall, even to the place where the Counte was, fallyng doune prostrate at his feet, wepyng, saied unto him: "My Lorde, I am thy poor infortunate wife, who to thintent thou mightest returne and dwel in thine owne house, have been a great while beggyng about the worlde. Therefore I now besече thee, for the honour of God, that thou wilt observe the condicions, whiche the twoo knightes (that I sent unto thee) did commaunde me to doe: for beholde, here in myne armes, not onelie one soonne begotten by thee, but twaine, and likewise thy Rynge. It is now tyme then (if thou kepe promis) that I should be received as thy wife."

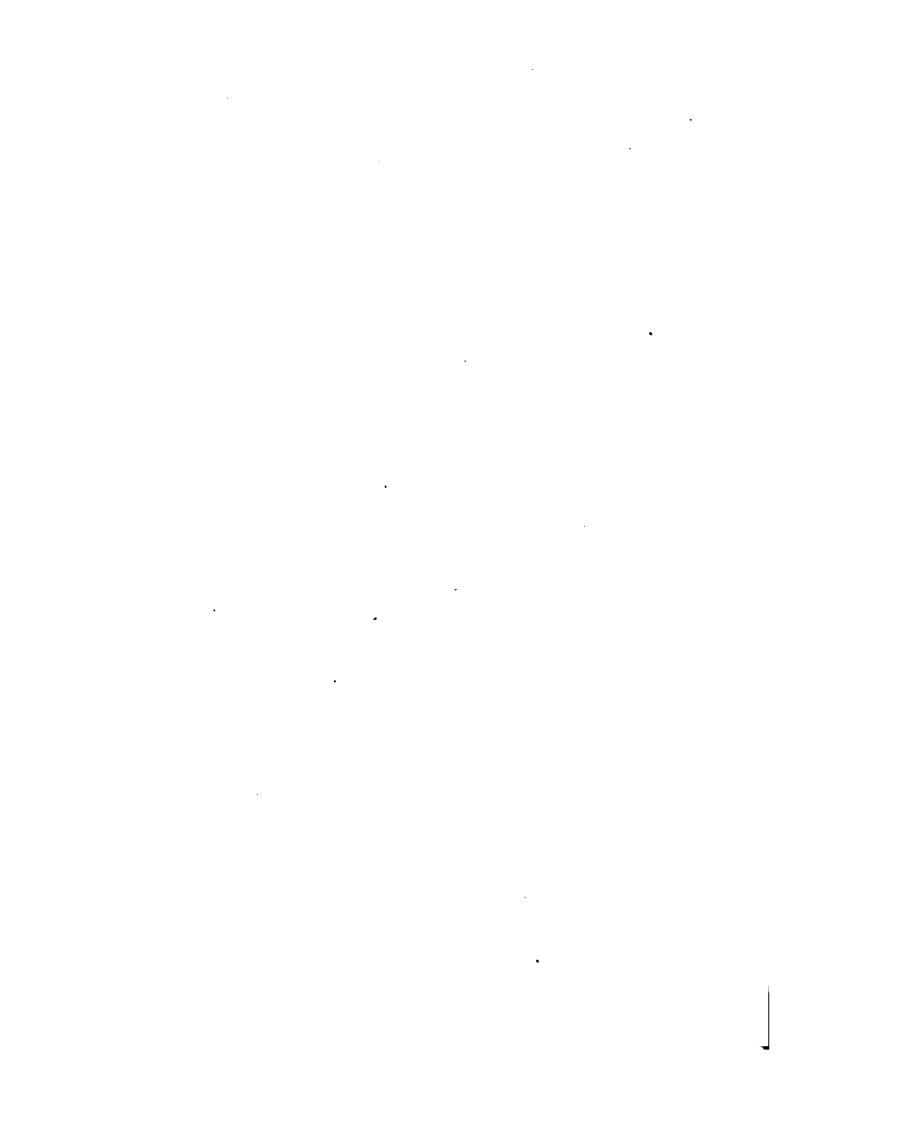
The Counte hearyng this, was greatly astonned, and

knewe the Rynge, and the children also, thei were so like hym.

"But tell me (quod he) howe is this come to pass!"

The Countesse to the greate admiracion of the Counte, and of all those that were in presence, rehearsed unto them in order all that, whiche had been doen, and the whole discourse therof. For whiche cause the Counte knowyng the thynges she had spoken to be true (and perceivyng her constaunt minde, and good witte, and the twoo faier yonge boies: to kepe his promisse made, and to please his subjectes, and the Ladies that made sute unto him, to accept her, from that time forthe as his lawfull wife, and to honour her) abjected his obstinate rigour: causyng her to rise up, and imbraced and kissed her, acknowledging her againe for his lawfull wife.

And after he had apparelled her, according to her estate, to the greate pleasure and contentacion, of those that were there and of all his other frendes, not onely that daie, but many others, he kepte greate chere, and from that tyme forthe, he loved and honoured her, as his dere spouse and wife.



THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

HENRY MORLEY, LL.D.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

WITH "THE TAMING
OF A SHREW," OF
WHICH PLAY SHAKESPEARE'S IS BELIEVED
TO BE A REVISION

NEW YORK :
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THE
WILLIAM P. BAKER

INTRODUCTION.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW was first printed in the folio of 1623, and not published in quarto until 1631, though there may have been a quarto of which issue was stayed in 1607 or 1609. It is an old play revised by Shakespeare. The old play is here added to Shakespeare's version of it, and the reader who compares the two will not fail to observe how under the hand of the master poet it has been improved in construction, developed into poetry, and enlivened by new touches of wit and humour. It may have been quickly prepared by him for the actors of his company not long after the production of *King Henry V.* or *Hamlet*.

A copy of the first known edition of the older play is dated 1594, and is in the library of the Duke of Devonshire. It is entitled "A Pleasant Conceited History, called The Taming of a Shrew. As it was sundry times acted by the Right Honorable the Earle of Pembroke his servants. Printed at London by Peter Short, and are to be sold by Cuthbert Burbie, at his shop at the Royal Exchange." It was reprinted in 1596 and again in 1607.

This older play is given as presented before Christopher Sly. Shakespeare took the idea of the "Induction" as he found it, and was answerable only for touches that enhance its humour. Thomas Warton, in his "History of English Poetry," says that he had seen, in a collection afterwards dispersed, a volume of comic stories by Richard Edwards, published in 1570, that contained a tale with incidents resembling those of the

induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*. That volume could not again be found. But in the papers of the old Shakespeare Society Mr. H. G. Norton printed in 1845, from a fragment of a book printed about 1620, a tale, called "The Waking Man's Dream," which, he thought, might be part of a reprint of the book that Thomas Warton saw. I do not think it was. "The Waking Man's Dream" gives, moralised at length, the same story that is to be found in Goulart's "Admirable and Memorable Histories," published in 1607. In Goulart it is a short story, which may be repeated here in full:—

"Philip called the good Duke of Bourgondy, in the memory of our ancestors, being at Bruxells with his Court and walking one night after supper through the streets, accompanied with some of his favorits: he found lying vpon the stones a certaine Artisan that was very dronke, and that slept soundly. It pleased the Prince in this Artisan to make a triall of the vanity of our life, whereof he had before discoursed with his familiar friends. Hee therefore caused this sleeper to bee taken vp and carried into his Pallace: hee commands him to bee layed in one of the richest beds, a riche Night-cap to bee giuen him, his foule shirt to bee taken off, and to haue an other put on him of fine Holland: when as this Dronkard had disgested his wine, and began to awake: behold there comes about his bed, Pages and Groomes of the Dukes Chamber, who drawe the Cürteines, make many courtesies, and being bare-headed, aske him if it please him to rise, and what apparell it would please him to put on that day. They bring him rich apparrell. This new Monsieur amazed at such curtesie, and doubting whether hee dreamt or waked, suffered himselfe to be drest, and led out of the Chamber. There came Noblemen which saluted him with all honour, and conduct him to the Masse, where with great ceremonie they giue him the Booke of the Gospell, and the Pixe to kisse, as

they did vsually vnto the Duke : from the Masse they bring him backe vnto the Pallace : hee washes his hands, and sittes downe at the Table well furnished. After dinner, the great Chamberlaine commandes Cardes to be brought with a great summe of money. This Duke in Imagination playes with the chiefe of the Court. Then they carrie him to walke in the Gardein, and to hunt the Hare and to Hawke. They bring him back vnto the Pallace, where hee sups in state. Candles beeing light, the Musitions begin to play, and the Tables taken away, the Gentlemen and Gentle-women fell to dancing, then they played a pleasant Comedie, after which followed a Banket, whereas they had presently store of Ipocras and precious Wine, with all sorts of confitures, to this Prince of the new Impression, so as he was drunke, & fell soundlie a sleepe. Here-upon the Duke commanded that hee should bee disrobed of all his riche attire. Hee was put into his olde ragges and carried into the same place, where hee had been found, the night before, where hee spent that night. Being awake in the morning, hee beganne to remember what had happened before, hee knewe not whether it was true in deede, or a dreame that had troubled his braine. But in the end, after many discourses, hee concludes that all was but a dreame that had happened vnto him, and so entertained his wife, his Children and his neighbors, without any other apprehension. This Historie put mee in minde of that which Seneca sayth in the ende of his 59 letter to Lucilius. No man saies he can reioyce and content himselfe, if he be not nobly minded, iust and temperate. What then ? Are the wicked deprived of all ioye ? they are glad as the Lions that haue found their prey. Being full of wine and luxury, hauing spent the night in gourmandise, when as pleasures poored into this vessell of the bodie (beeing so little to containe so much) beganne to foame out, these miserables wretches *crie with him of whome Virgill speakes—*

" 'Thou knowest, how in the midst of pastimes false & vaine,
We cast and past our latest night of paine.'

"The dissolute spend the night, yea the last night in false ioyes. O man, this stately vsage of the abone named Artisan, is like vnto a dreame that passeth. And his goodly day, and the years of a wicked life differ nothing, but in more and lesse. He slept foure and twenty houres, other wicked men some-times foure and twenty thousands of houres. It is a little or a great dreame: and nothing more."

The story is told also in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," and before its use in the old play it was evidently taken seriously as a picture of the vanity of earthly pomp. In "The Waking Man's Dream" the story is told as an old one, and after a prelude asking "who can in these passages of this world distinguish the things which have been done from those that have been dreamed? Vanities, delights, riches, pleasures and all are past and gone; are they not dreams?" the writer believes that the serious pleasantness of this example "will supply its want of novelty, and that its repetition will neither be unfruitful nor displeasing."

The old moral of this tale was dropped by the first dramatist who used it, and was not revived by Shakespeare, who has only enlivened with many delightful touches the picture of a man who is little more than animal in his perceptions, with little more than animal desires and apprehensions, not, like Falstaff, by the misuse of his brains, but simply because he has never learnt to use them. It is rather Seneca's thought that no man can rejoice and content himself if he be not nobly minded, just and temperate.

In the time of Samuel Phelps the whole play of *The Taming of the Shrew* was acted at Sadler's Wells, and Phelps himself played Christopher Sly in the *Induction*. It was a representation never to be forgotten, of the untaught mind in relation with a life

it could not understand; with little more than instinct in the place of reason, with good humour bound in its ideas within the limits of a poverty that went to no school but the pothouse, and with feeble struggle after apprehension of a better state. Shakespeare has given in Sly his picture of man lowest in intellect, not because he has been degraded from a better state, but because there have been none to lift him from the dust. The sketch is a very kindly one, and Christopher Sly is not without the kindly qualities that Shakespeare recognises always as the raw material of life. There were such qualities in Lancelot Gobbo; but even Lancelot Gobbo is, in the intellectual scale, high above Christopher Sly.

The old play makes Sly, when he awakes in the lord's chamber, believe himself at first in his old quarters, and say, gaping, "Tapster, gis a little small ale. Heigho!" Shakespeare makes a strong point of this: "For God's sake, a pot of small ale!" Sly cries, fully awake; and when sack is offered him, and all his powers of calling for whatever can give most delight have been insisted on till he believes at last he is a lord, he asks for "once again a pot o' the smallest ale." If Cræsus, uneducated to the sense of higher pleasures, leaves the good sack of our literature, whereof he can have more than enough to sustain health, strength, and pleasure through a lifetime, and sends, let us say, daily to circulating libraries for the weaker sort of novels of the day, the footman of Cræsus will come to the library-keeper with Christopher Sly's demand for "once again a pot of the smallest ale." When his Christopher Sly sat as audience at a play, there may have been a good-humoured turn of thought in Shakespeare's mind not very remote from that which caused Ben Jonson to pour scorn upon his critics in the playhouse. But Shakespeare had no scorn for the *short-comings of men and women* who were, to his mind, for the most part good fellows if they were not all poets,

and if the companionships of the world had failed often to furnish the most wholesome training to their minds.

Pleasant studies may be made of the touches with which Shakespeare puts new life into the old play of *The Taming of a Shrew*, that was presented before Christopher Sly. On the first page, the nobleman who enters from hunting, tells, in the elder play, that night is drawing on, by declaiming, in five lines, about its gloomy shadow that leaps from the Antarctic to view Orion's drizzling looks; which is entirely in the manner of the elder poetry. Shakespeare cuts all that out; but he develops the next three lines, which are about coupling the hounds and seeing them well fed, into thirteen or fourteen lines of dialogue that present the huntsman keen in recollection of his sport and full of interest in the several achievements of his dogs, Brach, Merriman, Clowder, Silver, Belman, Echo. Dramatic and poetic form is thus given to the lord inspired by the day's chase; while in each play the thought is the same—"Let the dogs have good suppers; they have earned them well."

Transference of the scene of the play from Athens to Padua, change of the names of characters, improvements in the conduct and the interweaving of the separate courtships of the sisters, and a new wealth of wit added to the scenes that directly concern Katharine and Petruchio, are all joined to such touches as these, that again and again add grace to the poetical side of *The Taming of the Shrew*.

Among the changes of name is that of Ferando to Petruchio. One of the earliest comedies of modern Europe, *Gli Suppositi* of Ariosto founds its jests upon the actions of persons representing others than themselves, who are *Suppositi*, substitutes. This Italian comedy was translated in 1566 by George Gascoigne, who awkwardly reproduced the Italian word by calling the play *The Supposes*. In Gascoigne's translation the name of Petruchio occurs. In the first scene of

the Fifth Act of *The Taming of the Shrew* the incidents suggest some inspirations from Ariosto's comedy through Gascoigne's translation, and in that scene the word "supposes" is used in the sense derived from *Gli Suppositi*:—

"Here's Lucentio,
Right son to the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine
While counterfeit *supposes* bleared thine eyne."

This was first pointed out by John Payne Collier. It may be said in passing, that some critics believe the part of the play that tells the courtship of Bianca to have been arranged, in concert with Shakespeare, by another dramatist.

The main feature in Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* is generally more or less missed in the acting, and sometimes overlooked in the reading. There is an old undated poem of 1550 or 1560, once popular, called, "A merry Ieste of a shrewde and curste Wyfe, lapped in Morrelle's Skin, for her good behaviour." The shrewish wife, when kindness fails, is whipped by her husband mercilessly in a cellar, and then tied in the salted hide of an old horse, Morel, that keeps her wounds smarting. So she is forced to yield the supremacy to her husband, who is then kind to her for the rest of her days. That story was current at the time when Shakespeare revised the *Taming of a Shrew*, and the brutal cure for a shrew involves a view of the case which is in flat contradiction to Shakespeare's lesson.

There is an old tradition of the English stage which makes the actor of Petruchio go through his part with a cart-whip in his hand which he is continually cracking. It is quite possible that even in Shakespeare's time some actor blundered upon this way of confounding in the mind of the spectator the rough spirit of the tamer of the wife in Morel skin with the better

wit and wisdom of Petruchio. Usually the play has been mangled into a farce, and Petruchio with such a whip as no gentleman could be supposed to carry, unless he had just alighted from his donkey cart, does all that he can, short of striking her, to secure to himself the rooted aversion of a lady delicately trained. In the present year our English audiences have been made to recognise the pleasantness of the old play by an American company that has given it unabridged, with the part of Katharine acted in a way that would have made Shakespeare happy, and with a Petruchio who seemed to understand his part, and played it with spirit. But unhappily he felt it necessary to follow all his predecessors with the clown business of the great whip, half-brother to the hot poker of pantomime. Petruchio is a gentleman, who tames a woman of bad temper by showing her in himself the inconvenience of such violence, while he is so far from any possibility of striking her with a whip that he does not even strike her with his tongue. As Katharine herself puts it:

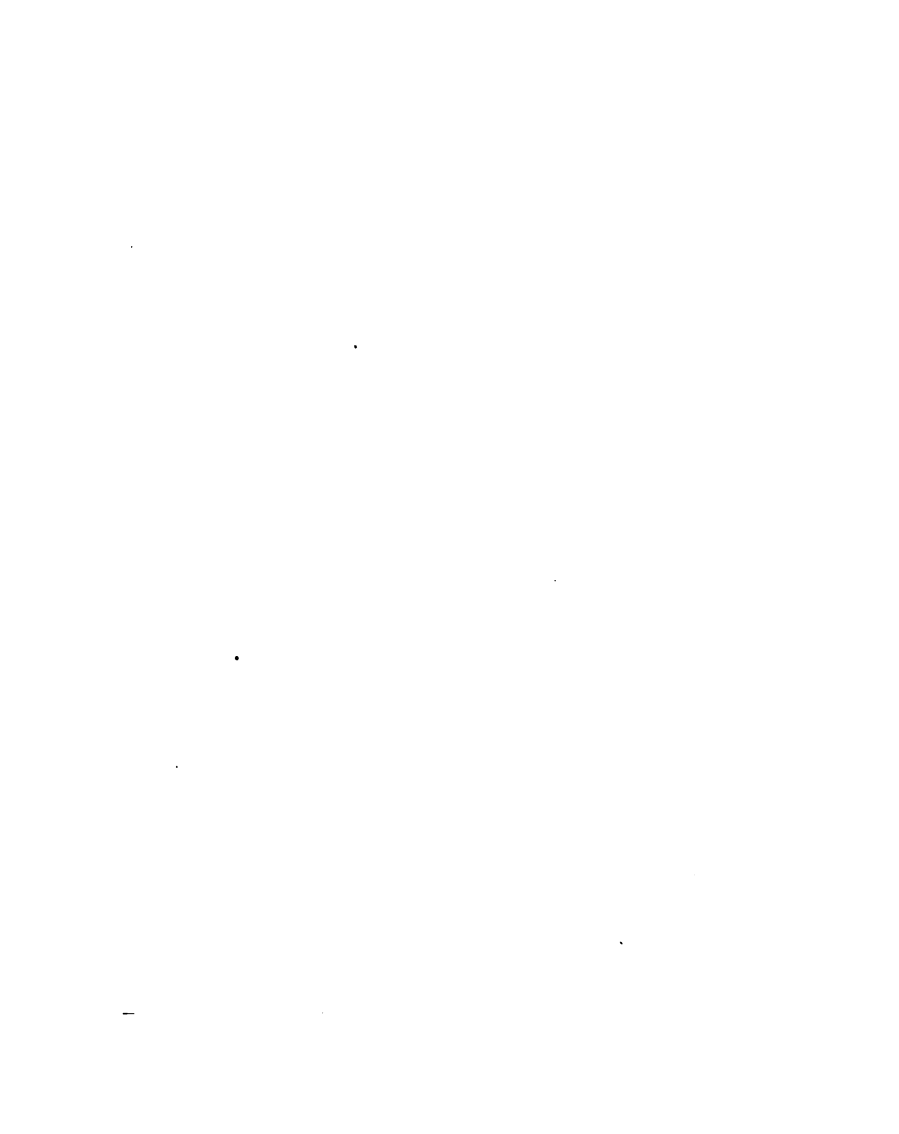
“— I, who never knew how to entreat,
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,
With oaths kept waiting, and with brawling fed,
And that which spite me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love.”

There is not a word or an act of Petruchio towards Katharine, in all his boisterous assumption of a temper like her own, that can live in her mind and spoil the happiness of after days with the sting of unkindness. They are both choleric; the meat is over-roasted, it will do them harm. The attendance is not good enough, the dresses are not good enough, for her. She learns to flinch from the discomfort caused by a rash temper in a man who at the wildest pays her honour, and does not stab her with one bitter word. That is the *Taming of the Shrew* in Shakespeare's fashion. Face her boldly, flinch from nothing but temptation

to unkind retort. Show temper, too, until she longs for peace; but when the peace comes let there be memories of many loyal and no cruel words associated with the rougher part. The "Wife Lapped in Morel's Skin" was tamed as brutal men tame beasts into a state of fear, placed far away from true companionship. Katharine learnt to flinch from nothing but her own fault set before her eyes, by one who at the same time mixed it with all fulness of affection to herself. The cart-whip tends to drag down this finer comedy into the horse-play that might represent Christopher Sly's view of the case, so far as he could have any. Petruchio entering from horseback might fall back now and then on a little business with a riding whip, if he did not know what to do with his hands when the time-honoured pantomime property had been taken out of them.

We may all have reason sometimes to take to heart the wise lesson of the *The Taming of the Shrew*. In lover's quarrels, in disputes of friends—in all disputes—when we are opposing will to will as vigorously as we may, we should avoid words that can rankle in the mind and spoil the happiness of after days.

H. M.



THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A Lord.
CHRISTOPHER SLY, }
a Tinker. } Persons
Hostess, Page, } in the
Players, Hunts- } Induc-
men, and Servants } tion.

BAPTISTA, a rich Gentleman
of Padua.

VINCENTIO, an old Gentleman
of Pisa.

LUCENTIO, Son to Vincentio.

PETRUCHIO, a Gentleman of
Verona.

GREMIO, } Suitors to
HORTENSIO, } Bianca.
TRANIO, } Servants to
BIONDELLO, } Lucentio.
GRUMIO, } Servants to
CURTIS, } Petruchio.
A Pedant.

KATHARINA, } Daughters to
BIANCA, } Baptista.
Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Ser-
vants attending on Baptista
and Petruchio.

SCENE.—Sometimes in PADUA, and sometimes in
PETRUCHIO'S House in the Country.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.—Before an Ale-house on a Heath.

Enter Hostess and SLY.

Sly. I'll pheese you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y' are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues;
'ook in the chronicles, we came in with Richard
Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*; let the
world slide *Sessa*!

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, Saint Jeronimy: go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy: I must go fetch the thirdborough. [Exit.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law. I'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly.

[*Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.*

Wind Horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:

Brach Merriman, the poor cur, is embossed;
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouthed brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 *Hun.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day picked out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.

But sup them well, and look unto them all
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 *Hun.* I will, my lord.—

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See,
doth he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my lord. Were he not
warmed with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast, how like a swine he
lies!

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine
image!—

Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.

What think you, if he were conveyed to bed,

Wrapped in sweet clothes, rings put upon his
fingers,

A most delicious banquet by his bed,

And brave attendants near him when he wakes,

Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot
choose.

2 *Hun.* It would seem strange unto him when
he waked.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless
fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest.

Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;
Balm his foul head with warm distilléd waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me music ready when he wakes
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say, 'What is it your honour will command?'
Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rose-water, and bestrewed with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say, 'Will't please your lordship cool your
hands?'

Some one be ready with a costly suit
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease.
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic,
And, when he says he is—, say, that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs:
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our
part

As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him,
And each one to his office when he wakes.—

[*SLY is borne out. A trumpet sounds.*

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 't is that sounds :—

[*Exit Servant.*

Belike, some noble gentleman that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter Servant.

How now ? who is it ?

Serv. An it please your honour,
Players that offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night ?

A Player. So please your lordship to accept our
duty.

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I re-
member

Since *once* he played a farmer's eldest son :—
'T was where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well.

I have forgot your name ; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally performed.

A Play. I think, 't was Soto that your honour
means.

Lord. 'T is very true : thou didst it excellent.
Well, you are come to me in happy time,
The rather for I have some sport in hand
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night :—
But I am doubtful of your modesties,
Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)
You break into some merry passion
And so offend him ; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile he grows impatient.

A Play. Fear not, my lord : we can contain our
selves

Were he the veriest antick in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery
And give them friendly welcome every one :
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[*Exeunt Servant and Players*

[*To a Servant.*] Sirrah, go you to Bartholmew my
page,

*And see him dressed in all suits like a lady :
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber ;*

And call him Madam, do him obeisance :
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honourable action
Such as he hath observed in noble ladies
Unto their lords by them accomplished :
Such duty to the drunkard let him do
With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy ;
And say, 'What is't your honour will command
Wherein your lady and your humble wife
May show her duty and make known her love ?'
And then, with kind embracements, tempting
kisses,

And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears as being overjoyed
To see her noble lord restored to health,
Who for this seven years hath esteeméd him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.
And if the boy hath not a woman's gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift,
Which, in a napkin being close conveyed,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this despatched with all the haste thou canst :
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.

[Exit Servant.

I know the boy will well usurp the grace,

Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman :
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay themselves from
laughter

When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them : haply, my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—A Bed-chamber in the Lord's House.

SLY is discovered in a rich night-gown with Attendants ; some with apparel, others with basin, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter LORD, dressed like a servant.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale !

1 *Serv.* Will't please your lordship drink a cup
of sack ?

2 *Serv.* Will't please your honour taste of these
conserves ?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear
to-day ?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly ; call not me 'honour,'
nor 'lordship.' I ne'er drank sack in my life ; and if

you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime, more feet than shoes or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!

O, that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infuséd with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What! would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son, of Burton Heath; by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught Here's—

1 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your servants droop!

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth ;
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck :
Wilt thou have music ? hark ! Apollo plays,

[*Music.*

And twenty caged nightingales do sing :
Or wilt thou sleep ? we'll have thee to a couch
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimmed up for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrew the ground :
Or wilt thou ride, thy horses shall be trapped,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking, thou hast hawks will
soar

Above the morning lark ; or wilt thou hunt,
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Serv.* Say thou wilt course, thy greyhounds
are as swift

As breathéd stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures, we will fetch
thee straight

Adonis painted by a running brook

And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io as she was a maid,
And how she was beguiled and surprised,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 Serv. Or Daphne roaming through a thorny
wood,
Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she
bleeds;

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord :
Thou hast a lady, far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 Serv. And, till the tears that she hath shed for
thee
Like envious floods o'erran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world ;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord ? and have I such a lady ?
Or do I dream ? or have I dreamed till now ?
I do not sleep ; I see, I hear, I speak ;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things :
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed,
And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.—

Well, bring our lady hither to our sight ;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 *Serv.* Will 't please your mightiness to wash
your hands ?

[*Servants present a ewer, basin, and napkin.*

O, how we joy to see your wit restored !
O, that once more you knew but what you are !
These fifteen years you have been in a dream,
Or, when you waked, so waked as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years ! by my fay, a goodly
nap.

But did I never speak, of all that time ?

1 *Serv.* O, yes, my lord, but very idle words ;
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door,
And rail upon the hostess of the house,
And say you would present her at the leet
Because she brought stone jugs and no sealed
quarts.

Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 *Serv.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no
such maid,

Nor no such men, as you have reckoned up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell,

And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thankéd for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a Lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well, for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord: what is thy will with
her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me
husband?

My men should call me lord: I am your goodman.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and
husband;

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well.—What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else: so lords call
ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dreamed,
And slept above some fifteen year or more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,

Being all this time abandoned from your bed.

Sly. 'T is much.—Servants, leave me and her alone.—

Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two ;
Or if not so, until the sun be set :
For your physicians have expressly charged,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed.
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry
so long ; but I would be loth to fall into my
dreams again : I will therefore tarry, in despite of
the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your
amendment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy ;
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congealed your
blood,

And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy :
*Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,*

Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it. Is not a commonty a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling-trick?

Page. No, my good lord: it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't. Come, madam wife,
sit by my side

And let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger
[*They sit down*]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Padua. A Public Place.

Enter LUCENTIO and TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am armed
With his good will, and thy good company
My trusty servant, well approved in all;

Here let us breathe, and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renownéd for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florénce,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceived,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds :
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achieved.—
Tell me thy mind ; for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tran. *Mi perdonate*, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself,
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics nor no stocks I pray ;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured.

Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
 And practise rhetoric in your common talk :
 Music and poesy use to quicken you :
 The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
 Fall to them as you find your stomach serves
 you.

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en.—
 In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio ; well dost thou advise.
 If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
 We could at once put us in readiness
 And take a lodging fit to entertain
 Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
 But stay awhile : what company is this ?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO,
 and HORTENSIO.—*LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand
 aside.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
 For how I firmly am resolved you know ;
 That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
 Before I have a husband for the elder.
 If either of you both love Katharina,
 Because I know you well and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. [*Aside.*] To cart her rather : she's too rough for me.—

There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife ?

Kath. [*To BAP.*] I pray you, sir, is it your will To make a stale of me amongst these mates ?

Hor. Mates, maid ! how mean you that ? no mates for you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear I wis, it is not half way to her heart ;
But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legged stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us !

Gre. And me too, good Lord !—

Tra. Hush, master ! here is some good pastime toward :

That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence do I see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio !

Tra. Well said, master : mum ! and gaze your fill.—

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said,—Bianca, get you in :

And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat ! it is best
Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.—
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe :
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look and practise by myself.—

Luc. Hark, Tranio ! thou may'st hear Minerva
speak.—

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange ?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue ?

Bap. Content ye, gentlemen ; I am resolved.—
Go in, Bianca. [Exit BIANCA.]

And for I know, she taketh most delight
In music instruments and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,—
Or, Signior Gremio, you—know any such,
Prefer them hither ; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up ;

And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay,
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*

Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too; may I
not?

What! shall I be appointed hours, as though,
belike,

I knew not what to take and what to leave! Ha!
[*Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts
are so good, here's none will hold you. Their
love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow
our nails together, and fast it fairly out: our
cake's dough on both sides. Farewell:—yet, for
the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any
means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein
she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio: but a word, I
pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never
brook'd parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth
us both—that we may yet again have access to
our fair mistress and be happy rivals in Bianca's
love—to labour and effect one thing specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil. Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarms, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca! —Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed; and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.—

[*Exeunt GREMIO and HORTENSIO.*]

Tra. [*Advancing*]. I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible,

That love should of a sudden take such hold ?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely ;
But see ! while idly I stood looking on
I found the effect of love-in-idleness ;
And now in plainness do confess to thee,
(Thou art to me as secret, and as dear
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was),
Tranio, I burn, I pine ; I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst :
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now,
Affection is not rated from the heart :
If love have touched you, nought remains but so,—
Redime te captum, quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercies, lad ; go forward ; this con-
tents ;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you looked so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you marked not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O, yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had
That made great Jove to humble him to her
hand

When with his knees he kissed the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? marked you not, how
her sister

Began to scold and raise up such a storm
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air:
Sacred, and sweet was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 't is time to stir him from his
trance.

I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it
stands:

Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd
That till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she will not be annoyed with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advised, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster.

And undertake the teaching of the maid :
That 's your device.

Luc. It is : may it be done ?

Tra. Not possible ; for who shall bear **your**
part,

And be in Padua, here, Vincentio's son,
Keep house, and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them ?

Luc. *Basta*, content thee ; for I have it full
We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguished by our faces
For man or master : then, it follows thus :—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should.
I will some other be ; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatched, and shall be so.—Tranio, at once
Uncase thee, take my coloured hat and cloak :
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee,
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits*
In brief, sir, sith it your own pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient
(For so your father charged me at our parting ;
'*Be serviceable to my son,*' quoth he,
Although I think 't was in another sense),

I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves,
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded
eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you
been?

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now?
where are you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stolen your clothes,
Or you stol'n his, or both? pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 't is no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I killed a man, and fear I was descried.
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life.
You understand me?

Bion. I, sir? ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth:
Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him ; would I were so too !

Tra. So could I, 'faith, boy, to have the next wish after,

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.

But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies.

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio ;
But in all places else, your master, Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go.—

One thing more rests, that thyself execute ;
To make one among these wooers : if thou ask me
why,

Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.—

[*Exeunt.*

1 *Serv.* My lord, you nod ; you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely : comes there any more of it ?

Page. My lord, 't is but begun.

Sly. 'T is a very excellent piece of work, madam
lady ; 'would 't were done !

SCENE II.—Padua. Before HORTENSIO'S House.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua ; but, of all,
My best belovéd and approvéd friend,
Hortensio ; and, I trow, this is his house.
Here, sirrah Grumio, knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir ! whom should I knock ? is there
any man has rebused your worship ?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir ? why, sir, what am I,
sir, that I should knock you here, sir ?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate ;
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome.—I should
knock you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be ?

Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it :
I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

[He wrings GRUMIO by the ears.]

Gru. Help, masters, help ! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you : sirrah !
villain !

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now? what's the matter?—My old friend Grumio, and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray,

Con tutto il core, ben trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signior mio Petruchio.*

Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 't is no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin.—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—look you, sir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir: well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps, (for aught I see) two-and-thirty,—a pip out?

Whom, would to God, I had well knocked at first,

Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio, I bade the rascal knock upon your gate, And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate?—O heavens!
Spake you not these words plain,—‘Sirrah, knock me here,

Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly ?'

And come you now with knocking at the gate ?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience : I am Grumio's pledge. Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you, Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio. And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona ?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes further than at home
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me :
Antonio, my father, is deceased,
And I have thrust myself into this maze
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may.
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favoured wife ?
Thou 'dst thank me but a little for my counsel ;
And yet I 'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich :—but thou 'rt too much my friend,

And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as
we

Few words suffice ; and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance),
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse :
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me,—were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas :
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua ;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what
his mind is : why, give him gold enough and marry
him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby ; or an old trot
with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as
many diseases as two-and-fifty horses : why, nothing
comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stepped thus far in,
I will continue that I broached in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous,
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman :
Her only fault, and that is faults enough,

Is, that she is intolerable curst
And shrewd and forward ; so beyond all measure,
That were my state far worser than it is
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace ! thou know'st not gold's
effect.

Tell me her father's name, and 't is enough ;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman ;
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renowned in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not
her,

And he knew my deceased father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her ;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the
humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as
well as I do, she would think scolding would do
little good upon him. She may, perhaps, call him
half a score knaves or so ; why, that's nothing : *an*
he begin once, he 'll rail in his ropetricks. I'll tell

you what, sir,—an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face and so disfigure her with it that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is :
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,
And her withholds from me and other more,
Suitors to her and rivals in my love,
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I have before rehearsed,
That ever Katharina will be woo'd :
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst !

A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me
grace,

And offer me, disguised in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca ;
That so I may by this device at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And unsuspected court her by herself.—

*Enter GREMIO, and LUCENTIO disguised, with
books under his arm.*

Gru. Here's no knavery ! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together ! Master, master, look about you : who goes there ? ha !

Hor. Peace, Grumio : 't is the rival of my love. Petruchio, stand by awhile.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous !—

[They retire.

Gre. O, very well ; I have perused the note. Hark you, sir ; I'll have them very fairly bound : All books of love ; see that, at any hand ; And see you read no other lectures to her. You understand me.—Over and beside Signior Baptista's liberality, I'll mend it with a largess. Take your papers, too,

And let me have them very well perfumed,
For she is sweeter than perfume itself
To whom they go to. What will you read to her ?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you
As for my patron, stand you so assured,
As firmly as yourself were still in place ;
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words

Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O, this learning ! what a thing it is !—

Gru. O, this woodcock ! what an ass it is !

Pet. Peace, sirrah !

Hor. Grumio, mum !—*[Coming forward.]* God
save you, Signior Gremio !

Gre. And you're well met, Signior Hortensio.
Trow you

Whither I am going ?—To Baptista Minola.

I promised to inquire carefully

About a schoolmaster for fair Bianca ;

And, by good fortune, I have lighted well

On this young man ; for learning and behaviour,

Fit for her turn ; well read in poetry

And other books,—good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'T is well : and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promised me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress :
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.

Gre. Beloved of me ; and that my deeds shall
prove.—

Gru. And that his bags shall prove.—

Hor. Gremio, 't is now no time to vent our love.
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.

Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine ;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well.—

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults ?

Pet. I know she is an irksome, brawling scold :
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend ? What country-
man ?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son :
My father dead, my fortune lives for me ;
And I do hope good days and long to see.

Gre. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were
strange ;

But if you have a stomach, to 't o' God's name :
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat ?

Pet. Will I live ?

Gru. Will he woo her ? ay, or I'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent ?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears ?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?
Have I not heard the sea, puffed up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar chaféd with sweat ?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,

And Heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang ?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire ?
Tush ! tush ! fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none.

Gre. Hortensio, hark.

This gentleman is happily arrived,
My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.

Hor. I promised we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter TRANIO, bravely apparelled ; and
BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you ! If I may be
bold,

Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola ?

Gre. He that has the two fair daughters :—is 't
he you mean ?

Tra. Even he.—Biondello !—

Gre. Hark you, sir : you mean not her too ?

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir : what have you to do ?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir.—Biondello, let's away.

Luc. [*Aside.*] Well begun, Tranio

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go.

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no ?

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence ?

Gre. No, if without more words you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free For me as for you ?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you !

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,
That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters ? if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right, hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown ;

And were his daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers ;

Then well one more may fair Bianca have,
And so she shall. Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What ! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head ; I know, he 'll prove a
jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words !

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter ?

Tra. No, sir ; but hear I do that he hath two,
The one as famous for a scolding tongue
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me ; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules,
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me : in sooth,
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed ;
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me among the rest ;
And if you break the ice and do this feat,
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her

Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive ;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman
To whom we all rest generally beholding.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack ; in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health ;
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru., Bion. O excellent motion ! Fellows, let 's
be gone.

Hor. The motion 's good indeed, and be it so.—
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [*Exeunt*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Padua. A Room in BAPTISTA'S House.

Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong
yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me ;
That I disdain : but for these other goods,
Unbind my hands, I 'll pull them off myself,

Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat ;
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best : see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio ?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. O, then, belike, you fancy riches more ;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so ?
Nay, then you jest ; and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while.
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Striking her.*]

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame ! whence grows this
insolence ?

Bianca, stand aside :—poor girl, she weeps.—
Go ply thy needle ; meddle not with her.
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,

Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be revenged.

[*Flies after BIANCA.*

Bap. What! in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.

[*Exit BIANCA.*

Kath. What! will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see,

She is your treasure, she must have a husband;

I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,

And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.

Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep,

Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit.*

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?

But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in a mean habit;

PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO as a musician;

and TRANIO, with BIONDELLO bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio.

God save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir. Pray, have you not a daughter,

Called Katharina, fair, and virtuous ?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.—

Gre. You are too blunt : go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio ; give me leave :—

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine

[*Presenting* HORTENSIO.]

Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant.
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong :
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir ; and he, for your good sake.

But for my daughter, Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see, you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not ; I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir ? what may I call your name ?

Pet. Petruchio is my name, Antonio's son ;
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well : you are welcome for his
sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too.
Backare ! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio ; I would
fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir ; but you 'll curse your
wooing.—

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure
of it. To express the like kindness, myself that
have been more kindly beholding to you than any,
freely give unto you this young scholar [*presenting*
LUCENTIO], that hath been long studying at
Rheims ; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other
languages, as the other in music and mathematics.
His name is Cambio : pray accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio ;
welcome, good Cambio.—[*To TRANIO.*] But,
gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger :
may I be so bold to know the cause of your
coming ?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.
And toward the education of your daughters
I here bestow a simple instrument
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books :
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I
pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.—
[*To HOR.*] Take you the lute, [*to LUC.*] and you
the set of books;

You shall go see your pupils presently.

Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen

To my daughters; and tell them both,

These are their tutors : bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with HORTENSIO,
LUCENTIO, and BIONDELLO.*]

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have bettered rather than decreased ;
Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife ?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands ;
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me
In all my lands and leases whatsoever.
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well
obtained,

That is, her love ; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing ; for I tell you,
father,

I am as peremptory as she proud-minded ;

And where two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury :
Though little fire grows great with little wind
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all ;
So I to her, and so she yields to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo and happy be thy
speed !

But be thou armed for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for
winds,

That shake not though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broken.

Bap. How now, my friend ? why dost thou look
so pale ?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good
musician ?

Hor. I think, she 'll sooner prove a soldier :
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then, thou canst not break her to
the lute ?

Hor. Why, no, for she hath broke the lute to
me.

I did but tell her she mistook her frets,

And bowed her hand to teach her fingering,
When, with a most impatient, devilish spirit,
'Frets call you these?' quoth she; 'I'll fume
with them:'

And with that word she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute,
While she did call me, 'rascal fiddler,'
And 'twangling Jack,' with twenty such vile
terms,

As had she studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench!
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discom-
fited:

Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,

[*Exeunt* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO,
and HORTENSIO.]

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail; why, then I'll tell her plain,

She sings as sweetly as a nightingale :
Say, that she frown ; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly washed with dew :
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word ;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say, she uttereth piercing eloquence :
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week :
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be
 married.—
But here she comes ; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good morrow, Kate, for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something
hard of hearing :

They call me Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith ; for you are called plain
Kate,

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst ;

But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom ;

Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate,

For dainties are all cates : and therefore, Kate,

Take this of me, Kate of my consolation :—

Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,

Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Moved! in good time: let him that
 . moved you hither,
Remove you hence. I knew you at the first,
You were a movable.

Pet. Why, what's a movable?

Kath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade as bear you, if me you
 mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee;
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to
 catch,

And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be? should buz.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O slow-winged turtle, shall a buzzard take
 thee?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are
 too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear
his sting?

In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.

Pet. What! with my tongue in your tail? nay,
come again.

Good Kate, I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try. [*Striking him.*]

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms:

If you strike me, you are no gentleman,

And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine; you crow too like a
craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look
so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab, and therefore look
not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aimed of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for
you.

Kath. Yet you are withered.

Pet. 'T is with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate : in sooth, you 'scape
not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry : let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit : I find you passing gentle.

T was told me, you were rough, and coy, and
sullen,

And now I find report a very liar ;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look ask-
ance,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will ;

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk ;

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers.

With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate doth limp ?

O slanderous world ! Kate, like the hazel-twigh,

Is straight and slender ; and as brown in hue

As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk : thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove

As Kate this chamber with her princely gait ?

O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,

And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful.

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly
speech ?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother ! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise ?

Kath. Yes ; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy
bed.

And therefore, setting all this chat aside,

Thus in plain terms :—your father hath consented

That you shall be my wife ; your dowry 'greed on ;

And, will you nill you, I will marry you.

Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn ;

For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,

Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,

Thou must be married to no man but me :
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Comformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father : never make denial ;
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.

Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you
with my daughter ?

Pet. How but well, sir ? how but well ?

It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine ? in
your dumps ?

Kath. Call you me daughter ? now, I promise
you,

You have showed a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic ;
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father 't is thus :—yourself and all the
world,

That talked of her, have talked amiss of her.
If she be curst, it is for policy,
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove ;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn ;

For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity ;
And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I 'll see thee hanged on Sunday first.

Gra. Hark, Petruchio : she says she 'll see thee
hanged first.

Tra. Is this your speeding ? nay then, good night
our part.

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen, I choose her for my-
self :

If she and I be pleased, what 's that to you ?
'T is bargained 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 't is incredible to believe
How much she loves me. O, the kindest Kate !
She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love
O, you are novices : 't is a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.—
Give me thy hand, Kate : I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.—
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests ;
I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine.



Bap. I know not what to say ; but give me your hands :

God send you joy, Petruchio ! 't is a match.

Gre., Tra. Amen, say we : we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu.

I will to Venice ; Sunday comes apace.

We will have rings, and things, and fine array ,
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

[*Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA, severally.*]

Gre. Was ever match clapped up so suddenly ?

Bap. 'Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,

And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'T was a commodity lay fretting by you :

'T will bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.—

But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter

Now is the day we long have lookéd for :

I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more

Than words can witness or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard, thy love doth freeze.

Gre.

But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back : 't is age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen ; I'll compound
this strife :

'T is deeds must win the prize ; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have Bianca's love.

Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her ?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the
city

Is richly furnishéd with plate and gold :
Basins, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands ;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry ;
In ivory coffers I have stuffed my crowns ;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions bossed with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house or housekeeping : then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess ;
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers
If whilst I live she will be only mine.

Tra. That 'only' came well in.—Sir, list

I am my father's heir and only son :
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua ;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—
What, have I pinched you, Signior Gremio ?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land !
My land amounts not to so much in all :
That she shall have ; besides an argosy,
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.—
What, have I choked you with an argosy ?

Tra. Gremio, 't is known, my father hath no
less
Than three great argosies, besides two galliasses,
And twelve tight galleys : these I will assure
her,

And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offered all, I have no more ;
And she can have no more than all I have :—
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the
world,

By your firm promise. Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best ;

And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own ; else, you must pardon me :
If you should die before him, where's her dower ?

Tra. That's but a cavil : he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as
old ?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolved.—On Sunday next, you know,
My daughter Katharine is to be married :
Now, on the Sunday following shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance ;
If not, to Signior Gremio :
And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

[*Exit.*

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee
not :

Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all and in his waning age
Set foot under thy table. Tut ! a toy !
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide !
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.
'T is in my head to do my master good :—
I see no reason, but supposed Lucentio
Must get a father, called—supposed Vincentio ;
And that's a wonder : fathers, commonly,

Do get their children ; but in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.

[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in BAPTISTA'S House.

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear : you grow too forward,
sir.

Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcomed you withal ?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, know this lady is
The patroness of heavenly harmony :
Then give me leave to have prerogative ;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordained !
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain ?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of
thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double
wrong,

To strive for that which resteth in my choice.
I am no breeching scholar in the schools ;
I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down :
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles ;
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in
tune? [Retires.]

Luc. That will be never :—tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last ?

Luc. Here, madam :—

Hic ibat Simois ; hic est Sigeia tellus ;

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hic ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*,
I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of
Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your
love ;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes
a-wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*,
bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might be-
guile the old pantaloon.

Hor. [*Returning.*] Madam, my instrument 's in tune.

Bian. Let 's hear. [*HOR. plays.*] O fie, the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it :

Hic ibat Simois, I know you not ;—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not ;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not ;—*regia*, presume not ;—*celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 't is now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right ; 't is the base knave that jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is !

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love :

Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not ; for sure, *Æacides* Was Ajax, called so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master ; else, I promise you,

I should be arguing still upon that doubt :

But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you.

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,

That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. [To LUCENTIO.] You may go walk, and
give me leave awhile :

My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir ? [*Aside.*] Well, I
must wait,

And watch withal ; for, but I be deceived,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art ;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual
Than hath been taught by any of my trade :
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [*Reads.*]

‘ Gamut, I am, the ground of all accord,

A re, to plead Hortensio’s passion ;

B mi, Bianca, takes him for thy lord,

C faut, that loves with all affection :

D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I :

E la mi, show pity, or I die.’

Call you this gamut ? tut ! I like it not :

Old fashions please me best ; I am not so nice
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up :
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both : I must be gone. [*Exeunt BIANCA and Servant.*

Luc. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant :
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love.—
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list : if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S House.

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA,
BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and Attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What will be said ? what mockery will it be.

To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage !
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours ?

Kath. No shame but mine : I must, forsooth, be
forced

To give my hand, opposed against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen,
Who woo'd in haste and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour ;
And to be noted for a merry man
He 'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite them, and proclaim the banna,
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say,—' Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her.'

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista
too.

Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word :
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise ;
Though he be merry, yet withal he 's honest.

Kath. 'Would Katharine had never seen him
though !

[*Exit, weeping, followed by* BIANCA *and others.*]

Bap. Go, girl, I cannot blame thee now to weep;
Such injury would vex a very saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master ! old news, and such news as you never heard of !

Bap. Is it new and old too ? how may that be ?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming ?

Bap. Is he come ?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then ?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here ?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what to thine old news ?

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin ; a pair of old breeches thrice turned ; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled another laced ; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armoury, with a broken hilt and chapeless ; with two broken points ; his horse hipped with an old mothy

saddle and stirrups of no kindred ; besides, possessed with the glanders and like to mose in the chine ; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten ; ne'er-legged before, and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather ; which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots ; one girth six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him ?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse ; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list ; an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies pricked in 't for a feather : a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion ;

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparelled.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir: I say, his horse comes with him
on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy,
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who's at
home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparelled,
As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—
*How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you
frown;*

And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-day.

First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eyesore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all so long detained you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforcéd to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her:
The morning wears, 't is time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unrever
robes.

Go to my chamber: put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me: thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha'
with words:

To me she's married, not unto my clothes.
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'T were well for Kate and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss !

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, GRUMIO, and BIONDELLO.

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire.
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him and see the event of this.—

[*Exit.*

Tra. But to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking : which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa,
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'T were good, methinks, to steal our marriage ;

Which once performed, let all the world say no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into
And watch our vantage in this business.
We'll over-reach the grey-beard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio ;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Re-enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio, came you from the church ?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming
home ?

Gre. A bridegroom say you ? 't is a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she ? why, 't is impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut ! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio : when the priest
Should ask, if Katharine should be his wife,

'Ay, by gogs-wouns,' quoth he ; and swore so loud,
That, all amazed, the priest let fall the book ;

*And, as he stooped again to take it up,
This mad-brained bridegroom took him such a cuff,*

That down fell priest and book, and book and priest :
'Now take them up,' quoth he, 'if any list.'

Tra. What said the wench, when he arose again ?

Gra. Trembled and shook ; for why, he stamped
and swore

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine :—' A health ! ' quoth he ; as if

He had been aboard, carousing to his mates

After a storm :—quaffed off the muscadel,

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face ;

Having no other reason,

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,

And seemed to ask him sops as he was drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the neck

And kissed her lips with such a clamorous smack

That, at the parting, all the church did echo ;

And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame ;

And after me, I know, the rout is coming :

Such a mad marriage never was before.

Hark, hark ! I hear the minstrels play. [*Music.*]

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA,
HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and *Train.*

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for
your pains.

I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepared great store of wedding-cheer ;
But, so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is 't possible you will away to-night ?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come.
Make it no wonder : if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife.
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I must hence : and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay ?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay,
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horse !

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready : the oats have
eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day ;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green ;
For me, I 'll not be gone, till I please myself.
'T is like you 'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O, Kate, content thee : pr'ythee, be not
angry.

Kath. I will be angry. What hast thou to
do?—

Father, be quiet ; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.—

Obey the bride, you that attend on her :
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves.
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
*Nay, look not big, nor stamp nor stare, nor fret ;
I will be master of what is mine own.*

She is my goods, my chattels ; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything ;
And here she stands ; touch her whoever dare,
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon : we're beset with thieves :
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.—
Fear not, sweet wench ; they shall not touch thee
Kate :

I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and
GRUMIO.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly I should die with
laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like !

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your
sister ?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly
mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and
bridegroom wants

*For to supply the places at the table,
You know, there wants no junkets at the feast.—*

Lucentio shall supply the bridegroom's place,
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride
it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen,
let's go. *[Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Hall in PETRUCHIO's Country House.

Enter GRUMIO.

Gru. Fie, fie, on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me; but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself, for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, hoa! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that, calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice : if thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio ?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay ; and therefore fire, fire ; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported ?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost ; but, thou know'st, winter tames man woman and beast, for it hath tamed my old master and my new mistress and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool ! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches ? why, thy horn is a foot ; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort for being slow in thy hot office ?

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world ?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine ; and, therefore, fire. Do thy duty and have *thy duty*, for my master and mistress are almost *frozen to death*.

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news.

Gru. Why, 'Jack, boy? ho, boy!' and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching.

Gru. Why, therefore, fire: for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, the white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, the carpets laid, and everything in order?

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news.

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There.

[*Striking him.*]

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 't is called a sensible tale; and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and

beseech listening. Now I begin : *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress,—

Curt. Both of one horse ?

Gru. What's that to thee ?

Curt. Why a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale :—but hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse ; thou shouldst have heard, in how miry a place ; how she was bemoiled ; how he left her with the horse upon her ; how he beat me because her horse stumbled ; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me ; how he swore ; how she prayed, that never prayed before ; how I cried ; how the horses ran away ; how her bridle was burst ; how I lost my crupper ;—with many things of worthy memory which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay ; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this ?—Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, *Philip, Walter, Sugarsop*, and the rest : let their *heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed*.

and their garters of an indifferent knit : let them courtesy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horsetail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready ?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho ! you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that ?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that callest for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio ?

Jos. What, Grumio !

Nich. Fellow Grumio !

Nath. How now, old lad ?

Gru. Welcome, you ;—how now, you ;—what, you ;—fellow, you ;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready and all things neat ?

Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What! no man at door

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse?
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!
You logger-headed and unpolished grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpinked i' the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:

There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and
Gregory ;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly ;

Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

[Exeunt Servants.]

[Sings.] Where is the life that late I led—

Where are those—? Sit down, Kate, and welcome.

Soud, soud, soud, soud !

Re-enter Servants, with supper.

Why, when I say ?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains !
When ?

*[Sings.] It was the friar of orders grey,
As he forth walkéd on his way :—*

Out, you rogue ! you pluck my foot awry :
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.—

[Strikes him.]

Be merry, Kate.—Some water, here ; what, ho !—
Where is my spaniel Troilus ?—Sirrah, get you
hence,

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hithér :

[*Exit Servant.*]

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—

Where are my slippers ?—Shall I have some water ?

Enter a Servant with a basin and ewer.

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.—

You whoreson villain ! will you let it fall ?

[*Strikes him.*]

Kath. Patience, I pray you ; 't was a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-eared knave !
Come, Kate, sit down ; I know you have a stomach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I ?

What's this ? mutton ?

1 Serv. Ay.

Pet. Who brought it ?

1 Serv. I.

Pet. 'T is burnt ; and so is all the meat.

What dogs are these !—Where is the rascal cook ?

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser

And serve it thus to me that love it not

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all.

[*Throws the meat, &c., at them.*]

You heedless joltheads, and unmannered slaves !
What ! do you grumble ? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet :
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 't was burnt and dried
away,

And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger ;
And better 't were that both of us did fast,—
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,—
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient, to-morrow 't shall be mended,
And for this night we'll fast for company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and CURTIS.

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like ?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he ?

Curt. In her chamber,
Making a sermon of continency to her ;
And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away ! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter PETRUCHIO

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 't is my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty,
And, till she stoop she must not be full-gorged,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call ;
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate and beat and will not be obedient.
She ate no meat to-day, nor none shall eat ;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall
not :

As with the meat, some undeserv'd fault
I'll find about the making of the bed ;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets :
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend
That all is done in reverent care of her ;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night :
And if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness ;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong
humour.

He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak : 't is charity to shew. [*Exit*

SCENE II.—Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S House.

Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is 't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress
Bianca

Doth fancy any other but Lucentio ?

I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.—
[*They stand aside.*

Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you
read ?

Bian. What, master, read you ? first resolve me
that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the Art to Love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your
art !

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of
my heart.— [*They retire.*

Hor. [*Cominy forward.*] Quick proceeders,
marry !—Now tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your Mistress Bianca
Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O spiteful love ! unconstant womankind !
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.—

Hor. Mistake no more : I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be,
But one that scorns to live in this disguise
For such a one as leaves a gentleman
And makes a god of such a cullion.
Know, sir, that I am called Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca ;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court !—Signior
Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more ; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flattered her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeignéd oath,
Never to marry her, though she would entreat
Fie on her ! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite
forsworn !

For me, that I might surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow
Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me,
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.—
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love :—and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit HORTENSIO.*—*LUCENTIO and BIANCA*
advance.

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As longeth to a lover's blessed case !
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest. But have you both
forsworn me ?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy !

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian.

He says so, Tranio

Tra. Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school

Bian. The taming-school ! what, is there such
a place ?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master ;
That teacheth tricks, eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, running.

Bion. O master, master ! I have watched so
long

That I'm dog-weary ; but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello ?

Bion. Master, a mercatant, or a pedant,
I know not what ; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio ?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIAN]

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir !

Tra. And you, sir ! you are we

Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest ?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two ;
But then up farther, and as far as Rome,
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray ?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir ?—marry, God forbid !
And come to Padua, careless of your life ?

Ped. My life, sir ! how, I pray ? for that goes
hard.

Tra. 'T is death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause ?
Your ships are stayed at Venice ; and the duke,
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
Hath published and proclaimed it openly.
'T is marvel ; but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaimed about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so ;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you.—
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa ?

Ped. Ay, yes, in Pisa have I often been ;
Pisa, renown'd for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio ?

Pea. I know him not, but I have heard of him :
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir ; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. [*Aside.*] As much as an apple doth an
oyster, and all one.

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake ;—
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir Vincentio ;
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodged.
Look, that you take upon you as you should :
You understand me, sir ;—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city.
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O, sir, I do ; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good
This by the way I let you understand :
My father is here looked for every day
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
’Twixt me and one Baptista’s daughter here :
In all these circumstances I’ll instruct you.
Go with me, to clothe you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in PETRUCHIO'S House.

Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no, forsooth ; I dare not, for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite
appears.

What, did he marry me to famish me ?
Beggars that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a present alms ;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity :
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep ;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed.
And that which spites me more than all these
wants,

He does it under name of perfect love ;
As who should say, if I should sleep, or eat,
'T were deadly sickness or else present death.
I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot ?

Kath. 'T is passing good : I pr'ythee let me have
it

Gru. I fear, it is too choleric a meat.

How say you to a fat tripe, finely broiled ?

Kath. I like it well : good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell ; I fear, 't is cholerick.

What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard ?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why, then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, then, I will not : you shall have the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then, the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [Beats him.

That feed'st me with the very name of meat.

Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you

That triumph thus upon my misery !

Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO, with a dish of meat, and

HORTENSIO.

Pet. How fares my Kate ? What, sweeting, all amort ?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer ?

Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits ; look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love ; thou seest how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee :

[Sets the dish on a table.

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What ! not a word ? Nay, then, thou lov'st it not,
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.—
Here, take away this dish.

Kath. I pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks.
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie ! you are to blame.
Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. *[Aside.]* Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou
lov'st me.—

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart !

Kate, eat apace.—And now, my honey love,

Will we return unto thy father's house,

And revel it as bravely as the best,

With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,

With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things ;

With scarfs, and fans, and double change of

bravery,

With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.

What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy
leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;
Lay forth the gown.—

Enter Haberdasher.

What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish :—fie, fie! 't is lewd and filthy.
Why, 't is a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap :
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger : this doth fit the
time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one
too ;
And not till then.

Hor. [*Aside.*] That will not be in haste.

Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to
speak,
And speak I will ; I am no child, no babe :

Your betters have endured me say my mind,
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart ;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break :
And, rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true : it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie.
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me or love me not, I like the cap,
And it I will have, or I will have none.

[*Exit Haberdasher.*]

Pet. Thy gown ? why, ay :—come, tailor, let us
see 't.

O, mercy, God ! what masking stuff is here !
What's this ? a sleeve ? 't is like a demi-cannon :
What ! up and down, carved like an apple-tart ?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop.—

Why, what, a devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this ?

Hor. [*Aside.*] I see, she's like to have neither
cap nor gown.

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did : but if you be remembered,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir.
I'll none of it; hence! make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better-fashioned gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable.
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of
thee.

Tai. She says, your worship means to make a
puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou
thread,

Thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!—
Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread?
Away! thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marred her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceived: the gown is
made

Just as my master had direction.

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the
stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast braved many men; brave not me: I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee,—I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in 's throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. 'Imprimis, a loose-bodied-gown.'

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread. I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. 'With a small compassed cape.'

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. 'With a trunk sleeve.

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. 'The sleeves curiously cut.

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. 1

commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again ; and that I 'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I say : an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight : take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio, then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, sir : 't is for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life ! Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use !

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that !

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for.

Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use !

O, fie, fie, fie !

Pet. [*Aside.*] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.—

Go take it hence ; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I 'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow :

Take no unkindness of his hasty words.

Away, I say ; commend me to thy master.

[*Exit Tailor.*]

Pet. Well, come, my Kate ; we will unto your father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments.

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor :

For 't is the mind that makes the body rich ;

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,

Because his feathers are more beautiful ?

Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contents the eye ?

O, no, good Kate ; neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me ;

And therefore frolic : we will hence forthwith,

To feast and sport us at thy father's house.

Go, call my men, and let us straight to him ;

And bring our horses unto Long Lane end ;

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—

Let's see ; I think, 't is now some seven o'clock,

And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 't is almost two,
And 't will be supper-time, ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse.

Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let 't alone :
I will not go to-day ; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so this gallant will command the
sun. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S House.

Enter TRANIO, *and the Pedant dressed like*
VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the house : please it you that I
call ?

Ped. Ay, what else ? and, but I be deceived,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. 'Tis well ; and hold your own, in any
case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you. But, sir, here comes your
boy ;

T were good he were schooled.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,

Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you :
Imagine 't were the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut ! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista ?

Bion. I told him that your father was at
Venice,

And that you looked for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou 'rt a tall fellow : hold thee that to
drink.

Here comes Baptista.—Set your countenance, sir.—

Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.

Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of.

I pray you stand good father to me now,

Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son !—

Sir, by your leave : having come to Padua

To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio

Made me acquainted with a weighty cause

Of love between your daughter and himself :

And, for the good report I hear of you,

And for the love he beareth to your daughter

And she to him,—to stay him not too long,

I am content, in a good father's care,

To have him matched ; and, if you please to like

No worse than I, sir, upon some agreement
Me shall you find most ready and most willing
With one consent to have her so bestowed ;
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say :
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true is it, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections ;
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made at once, and all is done :
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you
know best
We be affied, and such assurance ta'en
As shall with either part's agreement stand ?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio ; for, you
know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants.
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still,
And, happily, we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir :
There doth my father lie, and there this night

We'll pass the business privately and well.
 Send for your daughter by your servant here ;
 My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
 The worst is this,—That, at so slender warning,
 You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well :—Cambio, hie you
 home,

And bid Bianca make her ready straight ;
 And, if you will, tell what hath happenéd :
 Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,
 And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my
 heart !

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee
 gone.—

Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way ?
 Welcome : one mess is like to be your cheer.
 Come, sir ; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

[*Exeunt* TRANIO, *Pedant*, and BAPTISTA.]

Bion. Cambio !—

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello ?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon
 you ?

Luc. Biondello, what of that ?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing ; but he has left me here

behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralise them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's Church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell, except they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*. To the church!—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses.

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,

But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be

ready to come, against you come with your appendix. [Exit.

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented :
She will be pleased, then wherefore should I
doubt ?

Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her :
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [Exit.

SCENE V.—A Public Road.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name : once more toward
our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the
moon !

Kath. The moon ! the sun : it is not moonlight
now.

Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know, it is the sun that shines so
bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's
myself,

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,

Or ere I journey to your father's house.—

Go one, and fetch our horses back again.—

Evermore crossed, and crossed; nothing but
crossed!

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so
far,

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please.
An if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth, I vow, it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say, it is the moon.

Kath. I know, it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be blessed, it is the blessed
sun:

But sun it is not, when you say it is not,
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it named, even that it is;
And so it shall be so for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways: the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward! thus the bow
should run,

And not unluckily against the bias.—

But soft; what company is coming here?

Enter VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress.

[To VINCENTIO.] Good morrow, gentle mistress:
where away!—

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman ?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks !
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty
As those two eyes become that heavenly face ?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.—
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a
woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh
and sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy abode ?
Happy the parents of so fair a child ;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow !

Pet. Why, how now, Kate ? I hope thou art
not mad :

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered,
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That everything I look on seemeth green.
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father ;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire ; and, withal, make
known

Which way thou travellest : if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amazed
me,

My name's Vincentio ; my dwelling, Pisa ;
And bound I am to Padua, there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name ?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met ; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee—my loving father :
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not grieved : she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio ;
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true ? or is it else your
pleasure,

*Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest,
Upon the company you overtake ?*

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof ;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA,
and VINCENTIO.

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in
heart.

Have to my widow ; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.
[*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Padua. Before LUCENTIO's House.

Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and
BIANCA ; *Gremio walking on the other side.*

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir, for the priest is
ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello ; but they may chance to
need thee at home : therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, 'faith, I'll see the church o' your
back ; and then come back to my master as soon
as I can.

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO, BIANCA, and BIONDELLO.

Gra. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, and
Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's
house :

My father's bears more toward the market-place ;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you
go.

I think I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[*Knocks.*

Gre. They're busy within ; you were best knock
louder.

Enter Pedant above, at a window.

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat
down the gate ?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio, within, sir ?

Ped. He 's within, sir, but not to be spoken
withal.

Vin. What, if a man bring him a hundred
pound or two, to make merry withal ?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself : he
shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was well beloved
in Padua.—Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous

circumstances,—I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest : his father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father ?

Ped. Ay, sir ; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. [*To VINCENTIO.*] Why, how now, gentleman ! Why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain. I believe, 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together : God send 'em good shipping !—But who is here ? Mine old master, Vincentio ! Now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. [*Seeing BIONDELLO.*] Come hither, crack-hemp.

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me ?

Bion. Forgot you ? no, sir : I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? [*Beats BIONDELLO.*]

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*]

Ped. Help, son! help, Signior Baptista!

[*Exit from the window.*]

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*]

Re-enter Pedant below: BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!—O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now? what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman

by your habit, but your words show you a mad-man. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir: you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass? his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O! he hath murdered his master.—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name.—O, my son, my son!—Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer.

Enter one with an Officer.

Carry this mad knave to the gaol—Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gra. Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremio. I say, he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be conycatched in this business. I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard! to the gaol with him!

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abused.
—O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

Bion. O, we are spoiled! and yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my sweet son!

[*BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and Pedant run out.*

Bian. Pardon, dear father. [*Kneeling.*

Bap. How hast thou offended!

Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here 's Lucentio,

Right son unto the right Vincentio;

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes bleared thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing with a witness, to deceive
us all !

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That faced and braved me in this matter so ?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio ?

Bian. Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's
love

Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town ;
And happily I have arrived at last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss
What Tranio did, myself enforced him to ;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have
sent me to the gaol.

Bap. [*To LUCENTIO.*] But do you hear, sir !
Have you married my daughter without asking my
good will ?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista ; we will content you :
go to ; but I will in, to be revenged for this vil-
lainy.

[*Exit.*

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.

[*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca ; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA.*

Gra. My cake is dough ; but I'll in among the rest,

Out of hope of all but my share of the feast.

[*Exit.*

PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA advance.

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street

Pet. What ! art thou ashamed of me ?

Kath. No, sir, God forbid ; but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again.—Come, sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss : now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well ?—Come, my sweet Kate : Better once than never, for never too late.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Room in LUCENTIO'S House.

A Banquet set out. Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Widow; TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, and others attending.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring not agree :

And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at scapes and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with selfsame kindness welcome thine.—
Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina,—
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house :
My banquet is to close our stomachs up
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down ;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

[They sit at table]

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat !

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes I would that word
were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss
my sense :

I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns
round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that ?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me !—How likes Hortensio
that ?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her
tale.

Pet. Very well mended. Kiss him for that,
good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy thinks the world turns
round :—

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a
shrew,

Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe :
And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you

Pet. To her, Kate !

Hor. To her, widow !

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her
down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer.—Ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to* HORTENSIO.]

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks !

Gra. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head and butt ? and hasty-witted body
Would say, your head and butt were head and
horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awakened
you ?

Bian. Ay, but not frightened me ; therefore, I'll
sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that thou shalt not ; since you have
begun,

Have at you for a bitter jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird ? I mean to shift my
bush,

And then pursue me as you draw your bow.

You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt* BIANCA, KATHARINA, and Widows.]

Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior
Tranio ;

This bird you aimed at, though you hit her not :
Therefore, a health to all that shot and missed.

Tra. O sir, Lucentio slipped me, like his grey-hound,

Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'T is well, sir, that you hunted for yourself :

'T is thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio ! Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here !

Pet. 'A has a little galled me, I confess ;

And, as the jest did glance away from me,

'T is ten to one it maimed you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,

I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say no : and therefore, for assurance,

Let each one of us send unto his wife ;

And he, whose wife is most obedient

To come at first when he doth send for her,

Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content. What is the wager ?

Luc.

Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns !

I 'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,

But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match ! 't is done.

Hor. Who shall begin ?

Luc. That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go. [*Exit.*

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves ; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now ! what news ?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word,
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How ! she is busy, and she cannot come !
Is that an answer ?

Gra. Ay, and a kind one too :
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit BIONDELLO*

Pet. O ho ! entreat her !

Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife?

Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;

She will not come: she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse: she will not come!
O vile,

Intolerable, not to be endured!

Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress; say,

I command her come to me. *[Exit GRUMIO.]*

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What!

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my halidome, here comes Katharina!

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me!

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife!

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither: if they deny to come,

Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[Exit KATHARINA.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is. I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,

An awful rule, and right supremacy ;

And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy !

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio !
The wager thou hast won ; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns ;—
Another dowry to another daughter ;—
For she is changed, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.
See, where she comes, and brings your froward
wives

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—

Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow.

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not :
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[KATHARINA pulls off her cap, and throws it
down.

Wid. Lord ! let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass !

Bian. Fie ! what a foolish duty call you this !

Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish too :
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-
time.

Bian. The more fool you for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these head-
strong women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you 're mocking : we will
have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say ; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall :—and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie ! unknit that threatening unkind
brow,

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor :
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair
buds,

And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,

Tuddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty ;

And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign ; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance ; commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe ;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience,
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband ;
And when she 's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?
I am ashamed, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace ;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts ?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms,

My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason, haply, more
To bandy word for word and frown for frown ;
But now I see, our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—

That seeming to be most, which we indeed least
are.

Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot :
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready ; may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench ! Come on, and kiss
me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou
shalt ha't

Vin. 'T is a good hearing, when children are
toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are
froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed.—

We three are married, but you two are sped.

'T was I won the wager, though you hit the
white ;

And being a winner, God give you good night.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.]

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tamed a curst shrew.

Luc. 'T is a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so.

[*Exeunt.*



**A PLEASANT CONCEITED HISTORIE,
CALLED THE TAMING OF A SHREW.**

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

2.

A PLEASANT CONCEITED HISTORIE, CALLED THE TAMING OF A SHREW.

Enter a Tapster, beating out of his doores SLIE Droonken.

Tap. You whorson droonken slaue, you had best be gone,
And empty your droonken panch some where else
For in this house thou shalt not rest this night.

[Exit Tapster.]

Sl. Tilly, vally, by crisee Tapster He fese you anon.
Fils the tother pot and alls paid for, looke you
I doo drink of mine owne Instegation, *Omne bene*
Heere He lie awhile, why Tapster I say,
Fils a fresh cushen heere.
Heigh ho, heers good warme lying.

[He falls asleep.]

Enter a Nobleman and his men from hunting.

Lord. Now that the gloomie shaddow of the night,
Longing to view Orions drisling lookes,
Leapes from th' antarticke world vnto the skie,
And dims the Welkin with her pitchie breath,
And darkesome night oreshades the christall heauens,
Here breake we off our hunting for to night ;
Cupple vppe the hounds and let vs hie vs home,
And bid the huntsman see them meated well,
For they haue all deseru'd it well to daie,
But soft, what sleepeie fellow is this lie heere ?
Or is he dead, see one what he dooth lacke ?
Seruingman. My lord, 'tis nothing but a drunken sleepe,
His head is too heauie for his bodie,

And he hath drunke so much that he can go no further.

Lord. Fie, how the slauish villaine stinkes of drinke.
Ho, sirha arise. What so sound asleepe?
Go take him vppe and beare him to my house,
And beare him easilie for feare he wake,
And in my fairest chamber make a fire,
And set a sumptuous banquet on the boord,
And put my richest garmentes on his backe,
Then set him at the Table in a chaire :
When that is doone against he shall awake,
Let heauenlie musicke play about him still,
Go two of you awaie and beare him hence,
And then Ile tell you what I haue deuise,
But see in any case you wake him not.

[*Exeunt two with Sirra.*]

Now take my cloake and gyue me one of yours,
Al fellowes now, and see you take me so,
For we will waite vpon this droonken man,
To see his countenance when he dooth awake
And finde him selfe clothed in such attire,
With heauenlie musicke sounding in his eares,
And such a banquet set before his eies,
The fellow sure will thinke he is in heauen,
But we will be about him when he wakes,
And see you call him Lord at euerie word,
And offer him his horse to ride abroad,
And thou his hawkes and houndes to hunt the deere,
And I will aske what sutes he meanes to weare,
And what so ere he saith, see you doo not laugh,
But still perswade him that he is a Lord.

Enter one.

Mes. And it please your honour your plaiers be com
And doo attend your honours pleasure here.

Lord. The fittest time they could haue chosen out,

Bid one or two of them come hither straight,
Now will I fit my selfe accordinglie,
For they shall play to him when he awakes.

Enter two of the players with packs at their backs, and a boy.

Now sirs, what store of plaies haue you ?

San. Marrie my lord you maie haue a Tragicall
Or a comoditie, or what you will.

The other. A Comedie thou shouldst say, souns thout
shame vs all.

Lord. And whats the name of your Comedie ?

San. Marrie my lord tis calde The taming of a shrew ;
Tis a good lesson for vs my lord, for vs y^t are married men.

Lord. The taming of a shrew, thats excellent sure,
Go see that you make you readie straight,
For you must play before a lord to night,
Say you are his men and I your fellow,
Hees something foolish, but what so ere he saes,
See that you be not dasht out of countenance.
And sirha go you make you ready straight,
And dresse your selfe like some louelie ladie,
And when I call see that you come to me,
For I will say to him thou art his wife,
Dallie with him and hug him in thine armes,
And if he desire to goe to bed with thee,
Then faine some scuse and say thou wilt anon.
Be gone I say, and see thou doost it well.

Boy. Feare not my Lord, Ile dandell him well enough
And make him thinke I loue him mightilie. [*Exit Boy.*]

Lord. Now sirs go you and make you ready to,
For you must play assoone as he dooth wake.

San. O braue, sirha Tom, we must play before
A foolish Lord, come lets go make us ready,
Go get a dishclout to make cleane your shooes,
And Ile speake for the properties, My Lord, we must

Haue a shoulder of mutton for a properrie,
And a little vinegre to make our Diuell rore.

Lord. Very well: sirha see that they want nothing.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*Enter two with a table and a banquet on it, and two other with
SLIE asleepe in a chaire, richlie apparellled, and the musicks
plaieng.*

One. So: sirha now go call my Lord,
And tel him that all things is ready as he wuld it.

Another. Set thou some wine vpon the boord
And then He go fetch my Lord presentlie. [*Exit.*]

Enter the Lord and his men.

Lord. How now, what is all thinges readie?

One. Yea my Lord.

Lord. Then sound the musick, and He wake him straight,
And see you doo as earst I gaue in charge.

My lord, My lord, he sleepes soundlie: My Lord.

Sti. Tapster, gis a little small ale. Heigh ho.

Lord. Heers wine my lord, the purest of the grape.

Sti. For which Lord?

Lord. For your honour my Lord.

Sti. Who I, am I a Lord? Jesus what fine apparell haue
I got.

Lord. More richer farre your honour hath to weare,
And if it please you I will fetch them straight.

Wil. And if your honour please to ride abroad,
He fetch you lustie steedes more swift of pace
Then winged Pegasus in all his pride,
That ran so swiftlie ouer the Persian plaines.

Tom. And if your honour please to hunt the deere,
Your hounds stands readie cuppeld at the doore.
Who in running will oretake the Row,
And make the long breathde Tygre broken winded.

Shi. By the masse I thinke I am a Lord indeed,
Whats thy name?

Lord. Simon and it please your honour.

Shi. Simon, thats as much to say Simion or Simon,
Put foerth thy hand and fill the pot.
Give me thy hand, Sim am I a Lord indeed?

Lord. I my gracious Lord, and your louelie ladie
Long time hath moorned for your absence heere,
And now with ioy behold where she doth come
To gratulate your honours safe returne.

Enter the Boy in Womans attire.

Shi. Sim. Is this she?

Lord. I my Lord.

Shi. Masse tis a prettie wench, whats her name?

Boy. Oh that my louelie Lord would once vouchsafe
To looke on me, and leaue these frantike fits,
Or were I now but halfe so eloquent,
To paint in words what ile performe in deedes,
I know your honour then would pittie me.

Shi. Harke you mistrese, will you eat a peece of bread,
Come sit downe on my knee, Sim drinke to hir Sim,
For she and I will go to bed anon.

Lord. May it please you, your honors plaiers be come;
To offer your honour a plaie.

Shi. A plaie Sim, O braue, be they my plaiers?

Lord. I my Lord.

Shi. Is there not a foole in the plaie?

Lord. Yes my lord.

Shi. When wil they plaie Sim?

Lord. Euen when it please your honor, they be readie.

Boy. My lord Ile go bid them begin their plaie.

Shi. Doo, but looke that you come againe.

Boy. I warrant you, my lord, I will not leaue you thus.
[Exit Boy]

Sl. Come Sim, where be the plaiers? Sim stand by me
and wee le flout the plaiers out of their cotes.

Lord. Ile cal them my lord. Hoe where are you there?
[*Sound Trumpets.*]

Enter two yoong Gentlemen, and a man and a boie.

Pol. Welcome to Athens my beloued friend,
To Platoes schooles and Aristotles walkes,
Welcome from Cestus famous for the loue
Of good Leander and his Tragedie,
For whom the Helespont weepes brinish teares,
The greatest griefe is I cannot as I would
Give entertainment to my dearest friend.

Aur. Thankes noble Polidor my second selfe,
The faithfull loue which I haue found in thee
Hath made me leaue my fathers princelie court,
The Duke of Cestus thrise renowned seate,
To come to Athens thus to find thee out,
Which since I haue so happilie attaind,
My fortune now I doo account as great
As earst did Cesar when he conquered most,
But tell me noble friend where shal we lodge,
For I am vnacquainted in this place.

Pol. My Lord if you vouchsafe of schollers fare,
My house, my selfe, and all is yours to vse,
You and your men shall staie and lodge with me.

Aur. With all my hart, I will requite thy loue.

Enter SIMON, ALPHONSUS, and his three daughters.

But staie; what dames are these so bright of hew
Whose eies are brighter then the lampes of heauen,
Fairer than recks of pearle and pretious stone,
More loulie farre then is the morning sunne,
When first she opes hir orientall gates.

Alf. Daughters be gone, and hie you to y^e church,

And I will hie me downe vnto the key,
To see what Marchandise is come ashore. [*Ex. Omnes.*]

Pol. Why how now my Lord, what in a dumpe,
To see these damsels passe away so soone?

Aur. Trust me my friend, I must confesse to thee,
I tooke so much delight in these faire dames,
As I doo wish they had not gone so soone,
But if thou canst, resolute me what they be,
And what old man it was that went with them,
For I doo long to see them once againe.

Pol. I cannot blame your honor good my lord,
For they are both louely, wise, faire and yong,
And one of them the yoongest of the three
I long haue lou'd (sweet friend) and she lou'd me,
But neuer yet we could not find a meanes
How we might compasse our desired ioyes.

Aur. Why, is not her father willing to the match?

Pol. Yes trust me, but he hath solemnlie sworne,
His eldest daughter first shall be espowse,
Before he grauntes his yoongest leaue to loue,
And therefore he that meanes to get their loues,
Must first provide for her if he will speed,
And he that hath her shall be fettred so
As good be wedded to the diuell him selfe,
For such a skould as she did neuer liue,
And till that she be sped none else can speed,
Which makes me thinke that all my labours lost,
And whosoere can get hir firme good will,
A large dowrie he shall be sure to haue,
For her father is a man of mightie wealth,
And an ancient Cittizen of the towne,
And that was he that went along with them.

Aur. But he shall keepe hir still by my aduise,
And yet I needs must loue his second daughter
The image of honor and Nobilitie,

In whose sweet person is comprised the somme
Of natures skill and heauenly maiestie.

Pol. I like your choise, and glad you chose not mine.
Then if you like to follow on your loue,
We must deuise a meanes and find some one
That wil attempt to wed this deuilish skould,
And I doo know the man. Come hither boy,
Go your waies sirha to Ferandoes house,
Desire him take the paines to come to me,
For I must speake with him immediatlie.

Boy. I will sir, and fetch him presentlie.

Pol. A man I thinke will fit hir humor right,
As blunt in speech as she is sharpe of toong,
And he I thinke will match hir euerie waie,
And yet he is a man of wealth sufficient,
And for his person, worth as good as she,
And if he compasse hir to be his wife,
Then may we freelie visite both our loues.

Aur. O might I see the center of my soule
Whose sacred beautie hath enchanted me,
More faire then was the Grecian Helena
For whose sweet sake so many princes dide,
That came with thousand shippes to Tenedos,
But when we come vnto hir fathers house,
Tell him I am a Marchants sonne of Cestus,
That comes for traffike vnto Athens heere,
And heere sirha I wil change with you for once.
And now be thou the Duke of Cestus sonne,
Reuell and spend as if thou wert my selfe,
For I will court my loue in this disguise.

Val. My lord, how if the Duke your father should
By some meanes come to Athens for to see
How you doo profit in these publike schooles,
And find me clothed thus in your attire,
How would he take it then thinke you my lord?

Aw. Tush feare not Valeria let me alone,
But staie, heere comes some other companie.

Enter FERANDO and his man SAUNDERS with a blow coat.

Pol. Here comes the man that I did tell you of.

Fer. God morrow gentlemen to all at once.

How now Polidor, what man still in loue?

Euer wooing and canst thou neuer speed,

God send me better luck when I shall woo.

San. I warrant you maister & you take my counsell.

Fer. Why sirha, are you so cunning?

San. Who I, twere better for you by fise marke
And you could tell how to doo it as well as I.

Pol. I would thy maister once were in the vaine,
To trie himselfe how he could woo a wench.

Fer. Faith I am euen now a going

San. Ifaith sir, my maisters going to this geere now.

Pol. Whither in faith Ferando, tell me true.

Fer. To bonie Kate, the patientst wench aliue
The diuel himselfe dares scarce venter to woo her,
Signior Alfonso's eldest daughter,
And he hath promise me six thousand crownes
If I can win her once to be my wife,
And she and I must woo with skoulding sure,
And I will hold hir toot till she be wearie,
Or else Ile make her yeeld to graunt me loue.

Pol. How like you this Aurelius, I thinke he knew
Our mindes before we sent to him,
But tell me, when doo you meane to speake with her?

Fer. Faith presentlie, doo you but stand aside
And I will make her father bring hir hither,
And she, and I, and he, will talke alone.

Pol. With al our heartes, Come Aurelius
Let vs be gone and leaue him heere alone.

Fer. Ho Signiour Alfonso, whose within there?

[Exit.

Alf. Signiour Ferando your welcome hartilie,
You are a stranger sir vnto my house.
Harke you sir, looke what I did promise you
He performe, if you get my daughters loue.

Fer. Then when I haue talkt a word or two with hir,
Doo you step in and giue her hand to me
And tell her when the marriage day shal be
For I doo know she would be married faine,
And when our nuptiall rites be once performde
Let me alone to tame hir well enough,
Now call hir foorth that I may speake with hir.

Enter KATE.

Alf. Ha Kate, Come hither wench & list to me,
Vse this gentleman friendlie as thou canst.

Fer. Twentie good morrowes to my louely Kate.

Kate. You iest I am sure, is she yours alreadie?

Fer. I tell thee Kate, I know thou lou'st me well.

Kate. The deuill you doo, who told you so?

Fer. My mind sweet Kate doth say I am the man,
Must wed, and bed, and marrie bonnie Kate.

Kate. Was euer seene so grosse an asse as this?

Fer. I, to stand so long and neuer get a kisse.

Kate. Hands off I say, and get you from this place;
Or I will set my ten commandments in your face.

Fer. I prethe doo Kate; they say thou art a shrew,
And I like thee the better for I would haue thee so.

Kate. Let go my hand for feare it reech your eare.

Fer. No Kate, this hand is mine and I thy loue.

Kate. In faith sir no, the woodcock wants his taile.

Fer. But yet his bil will serue, if the other faile.

Alf. How now, Ferando, what saies my daughter?

Fer. Shees willing sir and loues me as hir life.

Kate. Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife.

Alf. Come hither Kate and let me giue thy hand

To him that I haue chosen for thy loue,
And thou tomorrow shalt be wed to him.

Kate. Why father what do you meane to do with me,
To giue me thus vnto this brainsick man,
That in his mood cares not to murder me?

[She turnes aside and speakes.]

But yet I will consent and marrie him,
For I methinkes haue liude too long a maid,
And match him to, or else his manhoods good.

Alf. Giue me thy hand Ferando loues thee wel
And will with wealth and ease maintaine thy state,
Here Ferando take her for thy wife,
And Sunday next shall be your wedding day.

Fer. Why so, did I not tell thee I should be the man,
Father, I leaue my louelie Kate with you,
Prouide your selues against our mariage daie.
For I must hie me to my countrie house
In hast to see prouision may be made,
To entertain my Kate when she dooth come.

Alf. Doo so, come Kate, why doost thou looke
So sad, be marrie wench thy wedding daies at hand.
Senne fare you well, and see you keepe you promise.

[Exit ALFONSO and KATE.]

Fer. So, all thus farre goes well. Ho Saunder.

Enter SAUNDER laughing.

San. Sander I faith your a beast I crie God hartlie
Mercie, my harts readie to run out of my bellie with
Laughing. I stood behind the doore all this while,
And heard what you said to hir.

Fer. Why didst thou think that I did not speake wel to
hir.

San. You spoke like an asse to her, Ile tell you what,
And I had been there to haue woode hir, and had this
Cloke on that you haue, chud haue had her before she

Had gone a foot further, and you talke of Wood cocks
with her, and I cannot tell what.

Fer. Wel sirha & yet thou seest I haue got her for all
this.

San. I marry twas more by hap then any good cunning
I hope sheele make you one of the head men of the parish
shortly.

Fer. Wel sirha leaue your iesting and go to Polidors
house,

The yong gentleman that was here with me,
And tell him the circumstances of all thou knowst,
Tell him on Sunday next we must be married,
And if he aske thee whither I am gone,
Tell him into the countrie to my house,
And vpon sundaie Ile be heere againe. [*Ex. FERANDO.*]

San. I warrant you Maister feare not me.

For dooing of my businesse.

Now hang him that has not a liuerie cote
To slash it out and swash it out amongst the proudest
On them. Why looke you now Ile scarce put vp
Plaine Saunder now at any of their handes, for and any
Bodie haue any thing to doo with my maister, straight
They come crouching vpon me, I beseech you good M.
Saunder speake a good word for me, and then am I so
Stout and takes it vpon me, & stands vpon my panto filles
To them out of all crie, why I haue a life like a giant
Now, but that my maister hath such a pestilent mind
To a woman now a late, and I haue a prettie wench
To my sister, and I had thought to have preferd my
Maister to her, and that would haue beene a good
Deale in my waie but that hees sped alreadie.

Enter POLIDORA Boie.

Boy. Friend, well met.

San. Souns, friend wel met, I hold my life he uses

Not my maisters luerie coat,
Plaine friend hop of my thum kno you who we are.

Boy. Trust me sir, it is the vse where I was borne,
To salute men after this manner, yet notwithstanding
If you be angrie with me for calling of you friend,
I am the more sorie for it, hoping the stile
Of a foole will make you amends for all.

San. The slaue is sorie for his fault, now we cannot be
Angrie, wel whats the matter that you would do with us.

Boy. Marry sir, I heare you pertain to signior Ferando.

San. I and thou beest not blind thou maiest see, *Eccē
signum*, heere.

Boy. Shall I entreat you to doo mee a message to your
Maister?

San. I it may be & you tel vs from whence you com.

Boy. Marrie sir I serue young Polidor your maisters
friend.

San. Do you serue him and whats your name?

Boy. My name sirha, I tell thee sirha is cald Catapie.

San. Cake and pie, O my teeth waters to have a peece of
thee.

Boy. Why slave wouldst thou eate me?

San. Eate thee, who would not eate Cake and pie?

Boy. Why villaine my name is Catapie.

Bvt wilt thou tell me where thy maister is.

San. Nay thou must first tell me where your maister is,
For I haue good newes for him, I can tell thee.

Boy. Why see here he comes.

Enter POLIDOR, AURELIUS, and VALERIA.

Pol. Come sweet Aurelius my faithfull friend
Now will we go to see those loulie dames
Richer in beawtie than the orient pearle
Whiter then is the Alpine Christall mould,
And farre more loulie than the torean plant,

That blushing in the aire turnes to a stone.

What Sander, what newes with you ?

San. Marry sir, my maister sends you word
That you must come to his wedding to-morrow.

Pol. What shall he be married then ?

San. Faith I, you thinke he standes as long about it as
you doo.

Pol. Whither is thy maister gone now ?

San. Marrie hees gone to our house in the Countrie,
To make all thinges in a readinesse against my new
Mistresse comes thither, but heele come againe to-morrow.

Pol. This is suddainlie dispatcht belike,
Well sirha boy, take Saunder in with you
And haue him to the buttrie presentlie.

Boy. I will sir ; come Saunder.

[*Exit SAUNDER and the Boy.*]

Aur. Valeria as erste we did deuise,
Take thou thy lute and go to Alfonso's house,
And say that Polidor sent thee thither.

Pol. I Valeria for he spoke to me,
To helpe him to some cunning Musition,
To teach his eldest daughter on the lute,
And thou I know will fit his turne so well
As thou shalt get great fauour at his handes,
Begon Valeria and say I sent thee to him.

Val. I will sir, and stay your comming at Alfonso's house.

[*Exit VALERIA.*]

Pol. Now sweete Aurelius by this deuise
Shall we haue leisure for to courte our loues
For whilst that she is learning on the lute,
Hir sisters may take time to steele abroad,
For otherwise shele keep them both within,
And make them worke whilst she herselfe doth play,
But come lets go vnto Alfonso's house,
And see how Valeria and Kate agreee,

I doute his Musick akarse will please his skoller,
But stay here comes Alfonso.

Enter ALFONSO.

Alf. What M. Polidor you are well mett,
I thanke you for the man you sent to me,
A good Musition I thinke he is,
I haue set my daughter and him together,
But is this gentellman a frend of yourres ?

Pol. He is. I praie you sir bid him welcome,
He's a wealthie Marchants sonne of Cestus.

Alf. Your welcom sir and if my house aforde
You anything that may content your mind,
I pray you sir make bold with me.

Aur. I thanke you sir, and if what I haue got,
By marchandise or trauell on the seas,
Sattens or lawnes or azure colloured silke,
Or pretious frie pointed stones of Indie,
You shall command both them myselfe and all.

Alf. Thanks gentle sir, Polidor take him in,
And bid him welcome to vnto my house,
For thou I thinke must be my second sonne.

Fer. Polidor doost thou not know
Must mary Kate, and to-morrow is the day.

Pol. Such newes I heard, and I came now to know.

Alf. Polidor tis true, goe let me alone,
For I must see against the bridegroom come,
That all thinges be according to his mind,
And so Ile leaue you for an houre or two.

[*Exit.*

Pol. Come then Aurelius come in with me.
And wee le go sit a while and chat with them,
And after bring them forth to take the aire.

[*Exit.*

[*Then SLIX speakes.*

Slx. Sim, when will the foole come againe ?

Lord. Heele come againe my Lord anon.

Sh. Gis some more drinke here, souns wheres
The Tapster, here Sim eate some of these things.

Lord. So I doo my Lord.

Sh. Here Sim, I drinke to thee.

Lord. My Lord heere comes the plaiers againe.

Sh. O braue, heers two fine gentlewomen.

Enter VALERIA with a lute, and KATE with him.

Val. The sencelesse trees by musick haue been moou'd
And at the sound of pleasant tuned strings,
Haue sauage beastes hung downe theer listning heads,
As though they had beene cast into a trance,
Then it may be that she whom nought can please,
With musickes sound in time may be surprisde,
Come louelye mistresse will you take your lute,
And play the lesson that I taught you last?

Kate. It is no matter whether I doo or no,
For trust me I take no great delight in it.

Val. I would sweet mistresse that it laie in me,
To helpe you to that thing thats your delight.

Kate. In you with a pestilence, are you so kind?
Then make a night cap of your fiddles case,
To warme your head, and hide you filthie face.

Val. If that sweet mistresse were your harts content,
You should command a greater thing then that,
Although it were ten times to my disgrace.

Kate. Your so kind twere pittie you should be hang'd,
And yet methinkes the foole dooth looke asquint.

Val. Why mistresse doo you mocke me?

Kate. No but I meane to moue thee.

Val. Well, will you plaie a little?

Kate. Yea, giue me the lute.

[*She plaies.*]

Val. That stop was false, play it againe.

Kate. How now iacksause, your a iollie mate,
Your best be still least I crosse your pate,

And make your musicke flie about your eares,
He make it and your foolish coxcombe meet.

[She offers to strike him with the lute.]

Val. Hold mistresse, souns will you breake my lute?

Kate. Yea, on thy head, and if thou speake to me,
There take it vp and fiddle some where else.

[She throwes it downe.]

And see you come no more into this place,
Least that I clap your fiddle on your face. *[Ex. KATE.]*

Val. Souns, teach hir to play vpon the lute?
The deuill shall teach her first, I am glad shees gone,
For I was neare so fraid in all my life,
But that my lute should flie about mine eares,
My maister shall teach her his selfe for me,
For He keepe me far enough without hir reach.
For he and Polydor sent me before,
To be with her and teach her on the lute,
Whilst they did court the other gentlewomen.
And heere methinkes they come together.

Enter AURELIUS, POLIDOR, EMELIA, and PHILENA.

Pol. How now Valeria, whears your mistresse?

Val. At the vengeance I thinke and no where else.

Aur. Why Valeria, will she not learne apace?

Val. Yes ber lady she has learnt too much-already,
And that I had felt had I not spoke hir faire
But she shall neare be learnt for me againe.

Aur. Well Valeria go to my chamber,
And beare him companie that came to daie
From Cestus, where our aged father dwels. *[Ex. VALERIA.]*

Pol. Come faire Emelia my louelie loue,
Brighter then the burnisht pallace of the sunne,
The eie sight of the glorious firmament,
In whose bright lookes sparkles the radiant fire,
Willie Prometheus shilie stole from Joue,

Infusing breath, life, motion, soule,
To euerie obiect stricken by thine eies.
Oh faire Emelia I pine for thee,
And either must enioy thy loue, or die.

Eme. Fie man, I know you will not die for loue.
Ah Polidor thou needst not to complaine,
Eternall heauen sooner be dissolude,
And all that pearseth Phebus siluer eie,
Before such hap befall to Polidor.

Pol. Thanks faire Emelia for these sweet words,
But what saith Phylena to hir friend?

Phyl. Why I am buying marchandise of him.

Aur. Mistresse you shall not need to buie of me,
For when I crost the bubling Canibey,
And sailde along the Cristall Helispont,
I filde my cofers of the wealthie mines,
Where I did cause Millions of labouring Moores
To vndermine the cauernes of the earth,
To seeke for strange and new found pretious stones,
And diue into the sea to gather pearle,
As faire as Iuno offered Priams sonne,
And you shall take your liberall choice of all.

Phyl. I thanke you sir and would Phylena might
In any curtesie requite you so,
As she with willing hart could well bestow.

Enter ALFONSO.

Alf. How now daughters, is Ferando come?

Eme. Not yet father. I wonder he staies so long.

Alf. And wheres your sister that she is not heere?

Phyl. She is making of hir readie father
To goe to church and if that he were come.

Pol. I warrant you heele not be long awaie.

Alf. Go daughters get you in, and bid your
Sister provide her selfe against that we doo come,

And see you goe to church along with vs.

[Exit PHILENA and EMELIA]

I maruell that Ferando comes not away.

Pol. His Tailor it may be hath bin too slacke,
In his apparrell which he meanes to weare,
For no question but some fantasticke sutes
He is determined to weare to day,
And richly powdered with pretious stones
Spotted with liquid gold, thick set with pearle,
And such he meanes shall be his wedding sutes.

Alf. I carde not I what cost he did bestow,
In gold or silke, so he himselfe were heere,
Fer I had rather lose a thousand crownes,
Then that he should deceiue vs heere to daie,
But soft I thinke I see him come.

Enter FERANDO baselie attired, and a red cap on his head.

Fer. Godmorow father, Polidor well met,
You wonder I know that I haue staid so long.

Alf. Yea marrie son, we were almost perswaded,
That we should scarce haue had our bridegroomes heere,
But say, why art thou thus basely attired?

Fer. Thus richlie father you should haue said,
For when my wife and I am married once,
Shees such a shrew, if we should once fal out
Sheele pul my costlie sutes ouer mine eares,
And therefore am I thus attired awhile,
For manie thinges I tell you's in my head,
And none must know thereof but Kate and I,
For we shall liue like lammes and Lions sure,
Nor Lammes to Lions neuer was so tame,
If once they lie within the Lions pawes
As Kate to me if we were married once,
And therefore come let vs to church presently.

Pol. Fie Ferando not thus atired for shame

Heele make hir tame wel inough ere long I warent thee
For he 's such a churle waxen now of late that and he be
Neuer so little angry he thums me out of all crie,
But in my minde sirra the yongest is a verie
Prettie wench, and if I thought thy maister would
Not haue hir Ide haue a flinge at hir
My selfe Ile see soone whether twill be a match
Or no: and it will not Ile set the matter
Hard for myselfe I warrant thee.

Boy. Sounes you slaue will you be a Riuall with
My maister in his loue, speake but such
Another worde and Ile cut off one of thy legges.

San. Oh, cruell iudgment, nay then sirra
My tongue shall talke no more to you, marry my
Timber shall tell the trustie message of his maister
Euen on the very forehead on thee, thou abusious
Villaine, therefore prepare thyselfe.

Boy. Come hither thou Imperfecksious slaue in
Regard of thy beggery, holde thee theres
Two shillings for thee? to pay for the
Healing of thy left legge which I meane
Furiously to inuade or to maimie at the least.

San. O supernodicall foule? well Ile take your two
shillings but Ile barre striking at legges.

Boy. Not I, for Ile strike any where.

San. Here here take your two shillings again
Ile see thee hangd ere Ile fight with thee,
I gat a broken shin the other day,
Tis not whole yet and therefore Ile not fight,
Come come why should we fall out?

Boy. Well sirray your faire words hath somethineg
Alaied my Coller: I am content for this once
To put it vp and be frends with thee,
But soft see where they come all from church,
Belike to be Married allredy.

*Enter FERANDO and KATE and ALFONSO and POLIDOR and
AMELIA and AURELIUS and PHILEMA.*

Fer. Father farwell, my Kate and I must home,
Sirra go make ready my horse presentlie.

Alf. Your horse? What son I hope you doo but iest
I am sure you will not go so suddainly.

Kate. Let him go or tarry I am resolu'de to stay,
And not to trauell on my wedding day.

Fer. Tut Kate I tell thee we must needes go home,
Villaine hast thou saddled my horse?

San. Which horse, your curtall?

Fer. Sounes you slaue stand your prating here?
Saddell the bay gelding for your Mistris.

Kate. Not for me: for Ile not go.

San. The ostler will not let me haue him you owe tem-
pence

For his meate and 6 pence for stuffing my Mistris saddle.

Fer. Here villaine go pay him straight.

San. Shall I giue them another peck of lauender.

Fer. Out slaue and bring them presently to the dore.

Alf. Why son I hope at least youle dine with vs.

San. I pray you maister lets stay till dinner be don.

Fer. Sounes villaine art thou here yet? [*Ex. SANDER.*]
Come Kate our dinner is prouided at home.

Kate. But not for me, for here I meane to dine.
Ile haue my will in this as well as you,
Though you in madding mood would leaue your frends
Despite of you Ile tarry with them still.

Fer. I Kate so thou shalt but at some other time,
When as thy sisters here shall be espousd,
Then thou and I will keepe our wedding day,
In better sort then we can now prouide,
For here I promise thee before them all,
We will ere long returne to them againe,

Come Kate stand not on termes we will awaie,
This is my day, tomorrow thou shalt rule,
And I will doo what euer thou commandes.
Gentlemen farwell, wele take our leues,
It will be late before that we come home.

[Exit FERANDO and KATE.]

Pol. Farwell Ferando since you will be gone.

Alf. So mad a cupple did I neuer see.

Eme. They're euen as well macht as I would wish.

Phyl. And yet I hardly thinke that he can tame her.

For when he has don she will do what she list.

Aur. Her manhood then is good I do beleewe.

Pol. Aurelius or else I misse my marke

Her tounge will walke if she doth hold her handes,

I am in dout ere halfe a month be past

Hele curse the priest that married him so soone.

And yet it may be she will be reclaimde,

For she is verie patient grone of late.

Alf. God hold it that it may continue still

I would be loth that they should disagree

But he I hope will holde her in a while.

Pol. Within this two daies I will ride to him,

And see how louingly they do agree.

Alf. Now Aurelius what say you to this,

What haue you sent to Cestus as you said,

To certifie your father of your loue,

For I would gladlie he would like of it,

And if he be the man you tell to me,

I guesse he is a Marchant of great wealth.

And I haue seene him oft at Athens here,

And for his sake assure thee thou are welcome.

Pol. And so to me whilest Polidor doth liue.

Aur. I find it so right worthie gentlemen,

And of what worth your frendship I esteeme,

leue censure of your seuerall thoughts,

But for requittall of your fauours past,
 Rests yet behind, which when occasion serues
 I vow shalbe remembred to the full,
 And for my fathers comming to this place,
 I do expect within this weeke at most.

Alf. Inough Aurelius? but we forget
 Our Marriage dinner now the bride is gon.
 Come let vs see what there they left behind. [*Exit Omnes.*]

Enter SANDERS with two or thres seruing men.

San. Come sirs prouide all thinges as fast as you can,
 For my Masters hard at hand and my new Mistris
 And all, and he sent me before to see all thinges redy.

Tom. Welcome home Sander sirra how lookes our
 New Mistris they say she's a plagie shrew.

San. Yea, and that thou shalt find I can tell thee and thou
 Dost not please her well, why my Maister
 Has such a doo with hir as it passeth and he's euen
 Like a madman.

Will. Why Sander what dos he say.

San. Why Ile tell you what: when they should
 Go to church to be married he puts on an olde
 Jerkin and a paire of canuas breeches downe to the
 Small of his legge and a red cap on his head and he
 Lookes as thou wilt burst thy selfe with laffing
 When thou seest him: he's ene as good as a
 Foole for me: and then when they should go to dinner
 He made me saddle the horse and away he came.
 And nere tarried for dinner: and therefore you had best
 Get supper reddy against they come, for
 They be hard at hand I am sure by this time.

Tom. Sounes see where they be all redy.

Enter FERANDO and KATE.

Fer. Now welcome Kate: where's these villaine
 Here, what? not supper yet vppon the borde:

Nor table spread nor nothing done at all,
Wheres that villaine that I sent before.

San. Now, *ad sum*, sir.

Fer. Come hether you villaine Ile cut your nose,
You Rogue: helpe me of with my bootes: wilt please
You to lay the cloth? sounes the villaine
Hurts my foote? pull easely I say; yet againe.

*[He beates them all. They couer the bord and fetch
in the meate.]*

Sounes? burnt and skorcht who drest this meate?

Will. Forsouth Iohn cooke.

*[He throwes downe the table and meate and all, and
beates them.]*

Fer. Go you villaines bring you me such meate,
Out of my sight I say and beare it hence,
Come Kate wele haue other meate prouided,
Is there a fire in my chamber sir?

San. I forsooth.

[Exit FERANDO and KATE.]

Manent serving men and eate vp all the meate.

Tom. Sounes! I thinke of my conscience my Masters
Mad since he was married.

Will. I laft what a boxe he gaue Sander
For pulling of his bootes.

Enter FERANDO againe.

San. I hurt his foot for the nonce man.

Fer. Did you so you damned villaine.

[He beates them all out againe.]

This humor must I holde me to awhile,
To bridle and holde backe my headstrong wife,
With curbes of hunger: ease: and want of sleepe,
Nor slepe nor meate shall she inioie to night,
Ile mew her vp as men do mew their hawkes,
And make her gentlie come vnto the lure,

Were she as stuborne or as full of strength
 As were the Thracian horse Alcides tamde,
 That King Egeus fed with flesh of men,
 Yet would I pull her downe and make her come
 As hungry hawkes do flie vnto there lure.

[Exit.

Enter AURELIUS and VALERIA.

Aur. Valeria attend: I haue a louely loue,
 As bright as is the heauen cristalline,
 As faire as is the milkwhite way of Ioue,
 As chaste as Phoebe in her sommer sportes,
 As softe and tender as the asure downe,
 That circles Cithereas siluer doues.
 Her do I meane to make my louely bride,
 And in her bed to breath the sweet content,
 That I thou knowst long haue aimed at,
 Now Valeria it rests in thee to helpe
 To compasse this, that I might gaine my loue,
 Which easilie thou maist performe at will,
 If that the marchant which thou toldst me of,
 Will as he sayd go to Alfonsos house,
 And say he is my father, and there with all
 Pas ouer certain deedes of land to me,
 That I thereby may gaine my hearts desire,
 And he is promised reward of me.

Val. Feare not my Lord Ile fetch him straight to you,
 For hele do any thing that you command,
 But tell me my Lord, is Ferando married then?

Aur. He is: and Polidor shortly shall be wed,
 And he meanes to tame his wife erelong.

Val. He saies so.

Aur. Faith he's gon vnto the taming schoole.

Val. The taming schoole; why is there such a place?

Aur. I: and Ferando is the Maister of the schoole.

Val. That's rare: but what decorum dos he vse?

Aur. Faith I know not: but by som odde deuise
Or other, but come Valeria I long to see the man,
By whom we must comprise our plotted drift,
That I may tell him what we haue to doo.

Val. Then come my Lord and I will bring you to him
straight.

Aur. Agreed, then lets go.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter SANDER and his Mistres.

San. Come Mistris.

Kate. Sander I prethe helpe me to some meate,
I am so faint that I can scarcely stande.

San. I marry mistris but you know my maister
Has giuen me a charge that you must eate nothing,
But that which he himselfe giueth you.

Kate. Why man thy Maister needs never know it.

San. You say true indede: why looke you Mistris,
What say you to a peece of beeffe and mustard now?

Kate. Why I say tis excellent meate, canst thou helpe me
to some?

San. I, I could helpe you to some but that
I doubt the mustard is too colerick for you,
But what say you to a sheepes head and garlick?

Kate. Why any thing, I care not what it be.

San. I but the garlike I doubt will make your breath
stincke,

And then my maister will course me for letting
You eate it: But what say you to a fat Capon?

Kate. That's meate for a King sweet Sander helpe
Me to some of it.

San. Nay ber lady then tis too deere for vs, we must
Not meddle with the Kings meate.

Kate. Out villaine dost thou mocke me,

Take that for thy sawsinesse.

[*She beates him.*]

San. Sounes are you so light fingerd with a murrin,

Ile keepe you fasting for it this two daies.

Kate. I tell thee villaine Ile tear the flesh of
Thy face and eate it and thou prates to me thus.

San. Here comes my Maister now hele course you.

*Enter FERANDO with a peece of mete vppon his daggers point
and POLIDOR with him.*

Fer. Se here Kate I haue prouided meate for thee
Here take it what ist not worthie thanks,
Goe sirra? take it awaie againe you shal be
Thankfull for the next you haue.

Kate. Why I thanke you for it.

Fer. Nay now tis not worth a pin go sirray and take it
hence I say.

San. Yes sir Ile Carrie it hence: Maister let her
Haue none for she can fight as hungrie as she is.

Pol. I pray you sir let it stand, for Ile eate
Some with her my selfe.

Fer. Well sirra set it downe againe.

Kate. Nay nay I pray you let him take it hence,
And keepe it for your owne diete for Ile none,
Ile nere be beholding to you for your Meate,
I tell thee flatlie here vnto the thy teethe
Thou shalt not keepe me nor feede me as thou list,
For I will home againe vnto my fathers house;

Fer. I, when you'r meeke and gentell but not
Before, I know your stomach is not yet come downe,
Therefore no maruell thou canste not eate,
And I will goe vnto your fathers house;
Come Polidor let vs goe in againe,
And Kate come in with vs I know ere longe
That thou and I shall louingly agree. [Ex. Omnes.

Enter AURELIUS VALERIA and PHYLLOTUS the Marchant.

Aur. Now Senior Phylotus we will go
Vnto Alfonsos house, and be sure you say

As I did tell you concerning the man
That dwells in Cestus, whose son I said I was
For you doo very much resemble him,
And feare not : you may be bold to speake your mind.

Phy. I warrant you sir take you no care,
He vse my selfe so cunning in the cause,
As you shall inioie your harts delight.

Aur. Thankes sweet Phylotus, then stay you here,
And I will go and fetch him hither straight.
Ho, Senior Alfonso a word with you.

Enter ALFONSO.

Alf. Whose there? What Aurelius whats the matter
That you stand so like a stranger at the doore?

Aur. My father sir is newly come to towne,
And I haue brought him here to speake with you,
Concerning those matters that I tolde you of,
And he can certifie you of the truth.

Alf. Is this your father? You are welcome sir.

Aur. Thankes Alfonso, for thats your name I gesse
I understand my son hath set his mind
And bent his liking to your daughters loue,
And for because he is my only son,
And I would gladly that he should doo well,
I tell you sir I not mislike his choise,
If you agree to giue him your consent,
He shall haue liuing to maintaine his state,
Three hundred poundes a yeare I will assure
To him and to his heyres, and if they do ioyne,
And knit themselues in holy wedlock bande
A thousand massie ingots of pure gold
And twice as many bares of siluer plate,
I freely giue him and in writing straight,
I will confirme what I haue said in wordes.

Alf. Trust me I must commend your liberall mind,

And louing care you beare vnto your son,
And here I giue him freely my consent,
As for my daughter I thinke he knowes her mind,
And I will enlarge her dowrie for your sake.
And solemnise with ioie your nuptiall rites,
But is this gentleman of Cestus too?

Aur. He is the Duke of Cestus thrise renowned son,
Who for the loue his honour beares to me
Hath thus accompanied me to this place.

Alf. You weare to blame you told me not before,
Pardon me my Lord, for if I had knowne
Your honour had bin here in place with me
I would haue donne my dutie to your honour.

Fal. Thankes good Alfonso: but I did come to see
When as these marriage rites should be performed,
And if in these nuptialls you vouchsafe
To honour thus the prince of Cestus frend,
In celebration of his spousall rites
He shall remaine a lasting friend to you,
What saies Aurelius father.

Phil. I humbly thanke your honour good my Lord,
And ere we parte before your honor here
Shall articles of such content be drawne,
As twixt our houses and posterities,
Eternallie this league of peace shall last,
Inuiolat and pure on either part:

Alf. With all my heart, and if your honour please,
To walke along with vs unto my house,
We will confirme these leagues of lasting loue.

Fal. Come then: Aurelius I will go with you.

[*Ex. Omnes*]

Enter FERANDO and KATE and SANDER.

San. Master the haberdasher has brought my
Mistresse home hir cappe here.

Fer. Come hither sirra : what haue you there ?

Hab. A veluet cappe sir and it please you.

Fer. Who spoake for it ? didst thou Kate ?

Kate. What if I did, come hither sirra, giue me

The cap, Ile see if it will fit me. [*She sets it on his head.*]

Fer. O monstrous, why it becomes thee not,

Let me see it Kate : here sirra take it hence

This cappe is out of fashion quite.

Kate. The fashion is good inough : belike you

Meane to make a foole of me.

Fer. Why true he means to make a foole of thee

To haue thee put on such a curtald cappe,

Sirra begone with it.

Enter the Taylor with a gowne.

San. Here is the Taylor too with my Mistris gowne.

Fer. Let me see it Taylor : what with cuts and iagges.
Sounes you villaine, thou hast spoiled the gowne.

Tay. Why sir I made it as your man gaue me direction.
You may reade the note here.

Fer. Come hither sirra Taylor reade the note.

Tay. Item. a faire round compast cape.

San. I thats true.

Tay. And a large truncke sleeue.

San. Thats a lie maister. I sayd two truncke sleeves.

Fer. Well sir goe forward.

Tay. Item a loose bodied gowne.

San. Maister if euer I sayd loose bodies gowne,
Sew me in a seame and beate me to death,
With bottome of browne thred.

Tay. I made it as the note bad me.

San. I say the note lies in his throute and thou too
And thou sayst it.

Tay. Nay nay nere be so hot sirra, for I feare you not.

San. Doost thou heare Taylor, thou hast braued

Many men : braue not me.

Thou'st faste many men.

Tay. Well sir.

San. Face not me Ile neither be faste nor braued
At thy handes I can tell thee.

Kate. Come come I like the fashion of it well enough,
Heres more a do then needs Ile haue it, I
And if you do not like it hide your eies,
I thinke I shall haue nothing by your will.

Fer. Go I say and take it vp for your maisters vse.

San. Souns villaine not for thy life touch it not,
Souns take vp my mistris gowne to his
Maisters vse ?

Fer. Well sir whats your conceit of it.

San. I haue a deeper conceite in it then you thinke
for, take vp my mistris gowne

To his maisters use ?

Fer. Tailor come hether ; for this time take it
Hence againe, and Ile content thee for thy paines.

Tay. I thanke you sir.

[*Exit TAYLOR.*]

Fer. Come Kate we now will go see thy fathers house
Euen in these honest meane abilliments,
Our purses shall be rich our garments plaine,
To shrowd our bodies from the winter rage,
And thats inough, what should we care for more
Thy sisters Kate to morrow must be wed,
And I haue promised them thou shouldst be there
The morning is well vp lets hast away,
It will be nine a clocke ere we come there.

Kate. Nine a clock, why tis allreadie past two
In the after noone by all the clocks in the towne.

Fer. I say tis but nine a clock in the morning.

Kate. I say tis two a clocke in the after noone.

Fer. It shall be nine then ere we go to your fathere,
Come back againe we will not go to day.

Nothing but crossing of me still,
He haue you say as I doo ere you go. [*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Enter POLIDOR, EMELIA, AURELIUS *and* PHILEMA.

Pol. Faire Emelia sommers sun bright Queene,
Brighter of hew then is the burning clime,
Where Phoebus in his bright equator sits,
Creating gold and pressious minerals
What would Emelia doo ? if I were forst
To leaue faire Athens and to range the world.

Eme. Should thou assay to scale the seate of Ioue,
Mounting theuttle ayrie regions
Or be snacht up as erste was Ganimed
Loue should giue winges vnto my swift desires
And prune my thoughts that I would follow thee,
Or fall and perish as did Icarus.

Aur. Sweetly resolved faire Emelia,
But would Philema say as much to me
If I should aske a question now of thee
What if the Duke of Cestus only son
Which came with me vnto your fathers house,
Should seek to get Phylemas loue from me,
And make thee Duches of that stately towne
Wouldst thou not then forsake me for his loue ?

Phyl. Not for great Neptune, no nor Ioue himselfe,
Will Phylema leaue Aurelius loue,
Could he install me Empres of the world,
Or make me Queene and guidres of the heauens
Yet would I not exchange thy loue for his,
Thy company is poore Philemas heauen,
And without thee heauen were hell to me.

Eme. And should my loue as erste did Hercules
Attempt to passe the burning valtes of hell,
I would with piteous lookes and pleasing wordes
As once did Orpheus with his harmony,

And rauishing sound of his melodious harpe,
 Intreate grim Pluto and of him obtaine,
 That thou mightest go and safe retourne againe.

Phyl. And should my loue as earst Leander did,
 Attempt to swimme the boyling helispont
 For Heros loue : no towers of brasse should hold
 But I would follow thee through those raging flouds
 With lockes disheuered and my breast all bare
 With bended knees vpon Abidas shoore,
 I would with smokie sighes and brinish teares,
 Importune Neptune and the watry Gods
 To send a guard of silver scaled Dolphyns
 With sounding Tritons to be our conuoy,
 And to transport vs safe vnto the shore,
 Whilst I would hang about thy louely necke,
 Redoubling kisse on kisse vpon thy cheekes,
 And with our pastime still the swelling waues.

Eme. Should Polidor as great Achilles did,
 Onely imploy himselfe to follow armes,
 Like to the warlike Amazonian Queene
 Penthesilea Hectors paramore,
 Who foyle the bloudie Pirrhus murderous greeke,
 Ile thrust myselfe amongst the thickest throngs,
 And with my utmost force assist my loue.

Phyl. Let Eole storme : be mild and quiet thou,
 Let Neptune swell, be Aurelius calme and pleased,
 I care not I, betide what may betide,
 Let fates and fortune doo the worst they can,
 I recke them not : they not discord with me,
 Whilst that my loue and I do well agree.

Aur. Sweet Phylema bewties mynerall,
 From whence the sun exhales his glorious shine,
 And clad the heauen in thy reflected raies
 And now my liefest loue the time drawes nie,
 That *Himen* mounted in his saffron robe.

Must with his torches waight vpon thy traine,
 As Hellens brothers on the horned Moone,
 Now Iuno to thy number shall I adde,
 The fairest bride that euer Marchant had.

Pol. Come faire Emelia the preeste is gon,
 And at the church your father and the reste
 Do stay to see our marriage rites performde,
 And knit in sight of heauen this Gordian knot,
 That teeth of fretting time may nere untwist,
 Then come faire loue and gratulate with me
 This daies content and sweet solemnity.

[*Ex. Omnes*]

Shi. Sim must they be married now?

Lord. I my Lord.

Enter FERANDO and KATE and SANDER.

Shi. Looke Sim the foole is come again now.

Fer. Sirra go fetch our horsse forth and bring
 Them to the backe gate presentlie.

San. I will sir I warrant you.

[*Exit SANDER.*]

Fer. Come Kate the Moone shines cleare to night
 Methinkes.

Kate. The moone? why husband you are decciued.
 It is the sun.

Fer. Yet againe come backe againe it shall be
 The moone ere we come at your fathers.

Kate. Why Ile say as you say it is the moone.

Fer. Iesus saue the glorious moone.

Kate. Iesus save the glorious moone.

Fer. I am glad Kate your stomack is come downe
 I know it well thou knowest it is the sun,
 But I did trie to see if thou wouldst speake,
 And crosse me now as thou hast donne before,
 And trust me Kate hadst thou not named the moone,
 We had gon back againe as sure as death,
 But soft whose this thats comming here.

Enter the Duke of CESTUS alone.

Duke. Thus all alone from Cestus am I come,
And left my princelie courte and noble traine,
To come to Athens, and in this disguise,
To see what course my son Aurelius takes.
But stay, heres some it may be Trauells thether,
Good sir can you derset me the way to Athens?

[*FERANDO speakes to the olde man.*

Faire louely maide yoong and affable,
More cleere of hew and far more beautifull,
Then pretious Sardonix or purple rockes,
Of Amithests or glistering Hiasinthe,
More amiable farre then is the plain
Where glistring Cepherus in siluer boures,
Gaseth vpon the Giant Andromede,
Sweete Kate entertaine this louely woman.

Duke. I thinke the man is mad he calls me a woman.

Kate. Faire louely lady brighte and Christalline,
Bewteous and stately as the eie trained bird,
As glorious as the morning washt with dew,
Within whose eies she takes her dawning beames,
And golden sommer sleepes vpon thy cheekes,
Wrap vp thy radiations in some cloud,
Least that thy bewty make this stately towne
Inhabitable like the burning Zone
With sweet reflections of thy louely face.

Duke. What is she mad to? or is my shape transformd,
That both of them perswade me I am a woman,
But they are mad sure, and therefore Ile begon,
And leaue their companies for feare of harme,
And vnto Athens hast to seeke my son. [*Exit Duke*

Fer. Why so Kate this was friendly done of thee,
And kindly too, why thus must we two liue,
One minde, one heart and one content for both.

This good old man dos thinke that we are mad,
 And glad he is I am sure, that he is gonne,
 But come sweet Kate for we will after him,
 And now perswade him to his shape againe. [*Ex. Omnes.*]

*Enter ALFONSO and PHILOTUS and VALERIA, POLIDOR,
 EMELIA, AURELIUS, and PHYLEMA.*

Alf. Come louely sonnes your marriage rites performed,
 Lets hie vs home to see what cheere we haue,
 I wonder that Ferando and his wife
 Comes not to see this great solemnitie.

Pol. No maruell if Ferando be away,
 His wife I think hath troubled so his wits,
 That he remaines at home to keepe them warme,
 For forward wedlocke as the prouerbe sayes,
 Hath brought him to his night cappe long agoe.

Phi. But Polidor let my son and you take heede,
 That Ferando say not ere long as much to you,
 And now Alfonso more to shew my loue,
 If vnto Cestus you do send your ships,
 Myselfe will fraught them with Arabian silkes,
 Rich affrick spices Arras counter poides
 Muske Cassia: sweet smelling Ambergreece,
 Pearle, curroll, christall, iett and iuorie,
 To gratulate the fauors of my son,
 And friendly loue that you haue shone to him.

Val. And for to honour him, and this faire bride.

Enter the Duke of CESTUS.

He yerly send you from my fathers courte,
 Chests of refind suger seuerally,
 Ten tunne of tunis wine, sucket sweet druges,
 To celebrate and solemnise this day
 And custome free your marchants shall conuerse
 And interchange the profits of your land,

Sending you gold for brasse, siluer for leade,
 Casses of silke for packes of woll and cloth,
 To binde this friendship and confirme this league.

Duke. I am glad sir that you would be so franke,
 Are you become the Duke of Cestus son,
 And reuels with my treasure in the towne,
 Base villaine that thus dishonorest me.

Val. Sounes it is the Duke what shall I doo
 Dishonour thee why, knowst thou what thou saist ?

Duke. Her's no villaine : he will not know me now.
 But what say you ? have you forgot me too ?

Phy. Why sir are you acquainted with my son ?

Duke. With thy son ? No trust me if he be thine,
 I pray you sir who am I ?

Aur. Pardon me father : humblie on my knees,
 I do intreate your grace to heare me speake.

Duke. Peace villaine: lay handes on them,
 And send them to prison straight.

[PHYLOTUS and VALERIA runnes away.

Then SLIE speakes.

Slie. I say wele haue no sending to prison.

Lord. My Lord this is but the play, theyre but in iest.

Slie. I tell thee Sim wele haue no sending
 To prison thats flat : why Sim am not I Don Christo Vary ?
 Therefore I say they shall not go to prison.

Lord. No more they shall not my Lord,
 They be run away.

Slie. Are they run away Sim ? thats well,
 Then gis some more drinke, and let them play againe.

Lord. Here my Lord. [SLIE drinckes and then falls asleepe.

Duke. Ah trecherous boy that durst presume,
 To wed thy selfe without thy fathers leaue,
 I sweare by fayre Cintheas burning rayes
 By Merops head and by seauen mouthed Nile
 Had I but known ere thou hadst wedded her.

Were in my brest the worlds immortall soule,
This angrie sword should rip thy hatefull chest,
And hewd thee smaller then the Libian sandes,
Turne hence thy face oh cruell impious boy,
Alfonso I did not thinke you would presume
To mach your daughter with my princely house
And nere make me acquainted with the cause :

Alf. My Lord by heauens I sweare vnto your **grace**
I knew none other but Valeria your man,
Had bin the Duke of Cestus noble son,
Nor did my daughter I dare sweare for her.

Duke. That damned villaine that hath deluded **me**,
Whome I did send guide vnto my son
Oh that my furious force could cleaue the earth,
That I might muster band of hellish feendes,
To rack his heart and tear his impious soule.
The ceaselesse turning of celestiaall orbes,
Kindles not greater flames in fitting aire,
Then passionate anguish of my raging brest.

Aur. Then let my death sweet father end your **griefe**
For I it is that thus haue wrought your woes,
Then be reuengd on me for here I sware,
That they are innocent of what I did,
Oh had I charge to cut of Hydraes hed
To make the toplesse Alpes a champion field
To kill vntamed monsters with my sword,
To trauell dayly in the hottest sun
And watch in winter when the nightes be colde,
I would with gladnesse vndertake them all
And thinke the paine but pleasure that I felt,
So that my noble father at my returne,
Would but forget and pardon my offence.

Phil. Let me intreat your grace vpon my **knees**,
To pardon him and let my death discharge
The heauy wrath your grace hath vowd gainst him.

Pol. And good my Lord let vs intreat your grace
To purge your stomack of this Melancholy,
Taynt not your princely minde with grieffe my Lord
But pardon and forgiue these louers faults,
That kneeling craue your gracious fauor here.

Eme. Great prince of Cestus, let a womans wordes
Intreat a pardon in your lordly brest,
Both for your princely son, and vs my Lord.

Duke. Aurelius stand vp I pardon thee,
I see that vertue will haue enemies,
And fortune will be thwarting honour still,
And you faire virgin too I am content,
To accept you for my daughter since vs don,
And see you princely vsde in Cestus courte.

Phyl. Thanks good my Lord and I no longer liue
Then I obey and honour you in all.

Alf. Let me giue thanks vnto your royall grace,
For this great honour don to me and mine,
And if your grace will walke vnto my house
I will in humblest maner I can, show
The eternal seruice I doo owe your grace.

Duke. Thanks good Alfonso, but I came alone,
And not as did beseeme the Cestian Duke,
Nor would I haue it knowne within the towne
That I was here and thus without my traine,
But as I came alone so will I go,
And leaue my son to solemnise his feast.
And ere't belong Ile come againe to you,
And do him honour as beseemes the son
Of mighty Ierobell the Cestian Duke,
Till when Ile leaue you, Farwell Aurelius.

Aur. Not yet my Lord, Ile bring you to your ship.

[*Exeunt Omnes. SLIE sleepe.*]

Lord. Whose within there? come hither sirs my Lords
Asleepe againe: go take him easily vp,

And put him in his one apparel againe,
And lay him in the place where we did find him,
Iust vnderneath the alehouse side below,
But see you wake him not in any case.

Boy. It shall be don my Lorde come helpe to beare him
hence. [Exit.

*Enter FERANDO, AURELIUS and POLIDOR and his Boy and
VALERIA and SANDER.*

Fer. Come gentlemen now that suppers donne
How shall we spend the time till we go to bed!

Aur. Faith if you will in triall of our wiues,
Who will come sownest at their husband's call.

Pol. Nay then Ferando he must needes sit out,
For he may call I thinke till he be weary,
Before his wife will come before she list.

Fer. Tis well for you that haue such gentle wiues
Yet in this triall will I not sit out,
It may be Kate will come as soone as yours.

Aur. My wife comes soonest for a hundred pound.

Pol. I take it. Ile lay as much to youre,
That my wife comes as soone as I do send.

Aur. How now Ferando you dare not lay belike.

Fer. Why true I dare not lay indeede;
But how so little mony on so sure a thing,
A hundred pound: why I haue layd as much
Vpon my dogge, in running at a Deere,
She shall not come so farre for such a trifle,
But will you lay five hundred markes with me,
And whose wife soonest comes when he doth call,
And shewes her selfe most louing vnto him,
Let him inioye the wager I haue laid,
Now what say you? dare you aduenture thus?

Pol. I weare it a thousand pounds I durst presume
On my wiues loue: and I will lay with thee.

Enter ALFONSO.

Alf. How now sons what in conference so hard,
May I without offence, know whereabouts.

Aur. Faith father a waighly cause about our wines
Five hundred markes already we haue layd,
And he whose wife doth shew most loue to him,
He must inioie the wager to himselfe.

Alf. Why then Ferando he is sure to lose,
I promise thee son thy wife will hardly come,
And therefore I would not wish thee lay so much.

Fer. Tush father were it ten times more,
I durst aduenture on my louely Kate,
But if I lose Ile pay, and so shall you.

Aur. Vpon mine honour if I loose Ile pay.

Pol. And so will I vpon my faith I vow.

Fer. Then sit we downe and let vs send for them.

Alf. I promise thee Ferando I am afraid thou wilt lose.

Aur. Ile send for my wife first, Valeria
Go bid your Mistris come to me.

Val. I will my Lord.

[Exit VALERIA.]

Aur. Now for my hundred pound,
Would any lay ten hundred more with me,
I know I should obtaine it by her loue.

Fer. I pray God you haue not laid too much already.

Aur. Trust me Ferando I am sure you haue,
For you I dare presume haue lost it all.

Enter VALERIA againe.

Now sirra what saies your mistris ?

Val. She is something busie but shele come anon.

Fer. Why so, did I not tell you this before,
She is busie and cannot come.

Aur. I pray God your wife send you so good an
answere.

She may be busie yet she sayes shele come.

Fer. Well well: Polidor send you for your wife.

Pol. Agreed: Boy desire your mistris to come hithen.

Boy. I will sir.

[*Ex. Boy.*]

Fer. I so so he desiens her to come.

Alf. Polidor I dare presume for thee,
I thinke thy wife will not deny to come,
And I do maruell much Aurelius,
That your wife came not when you sent for her.

Enter the Boy againe.

Pol. Now wheres your Mistris?

Boy. She bad me tell you that she will not come.
And you haue any businesse you must come to her.

Fer. Oh monstrous intollerable presumption,
Worse then a blasing starre, or snow at midsommer,
Earthquakes or any thing vnseasonable,
She wil not come: but he must come to her.

Pol. Well sir I pray lets here what
Answered your wife will make.

Fer. Sirra command your Mistris to come
To me presentlie.

[*Exit SANDER.*]

Aur. I thinke my wife for all she did not come,
Will proue most kinde for now I haue no feare,
For I am sure Ferandos wife she will not come.

Fer. The mores the pittie: then I must lose.

Enter KATE and SANDER.

For I haue won for see where Kate doth come.

Kate. Sweet husband did you send for me?

For. I did my loue I sent for thee to come,
Come hither Kate, whats that vpon thy head?

Kate. Nothing husband but my cap I thinke.

Fer. Pull it of and treade it vnder thy feete,

Tis foolish I will not haue thee weare it.

[She takes of her cap and treads on it.

Pol. Oh wonderfull metamorphosis.

Aur. This is a wonder almost past beleefe.

Fer. This is a token of her true loue to me,
And yet Ile trie her further you shall see,
Come hither Kate where are thy sisters.

Kate. They be sitting in the bridall chamber.

Fer. Fetch them hither and if they will not come,
Bring them perforce and make them come with thee.

Kate. I will.

Alf. I promise thee Ferando I would haue sworne
Thy wife would nere haue donne so much for thee.

Fer. But you shall see she will do more then this
For see where she brings her sisters forth by force.

*Enter KATE thrusting PHYLEMA and EMELIA before her,
and makes them come vnto their husbands call.*

Kate. See husband I haue brought them both.

Fer. Tis well don Kate.

Eme. Ay sure and like a louing peece you're worthy
To haue great praise for this attempt.

Phyl. I for making a foole of her selfe and vs.

Aur. Beshrew thee Phylema, thou hast
Lost me a hundred pound to night,
For I did lay that thou wouldst first haue come.

Pol. But thou Emelia hast lost me a great deale more.

Eme. You might haue kept it better then,
Who bad you lay?

Fer. Now louely Kate before there husbands here,
I prethe tell unto these hedstrong women
What dutie wiues doo owe vnto their husbands.

Kate. Then you that liue thus by your pampered wills
Now list to me and marke what I shall say
The'ternall power that with his only breath.

Shall cause this end and this beginning frame,
 Not in time, nor before time, but with time, *confusd*,
 For all the course of yeares, of ages, moneths,
 Of seasons temperate, of dayes and houres,
 Are tund and stopt, by measure of his hand,
 The first world was a forme without a forme,
 A heape *confusd* a mixture all deformd,
 A gulfe of gulfes, a body bodiles,
 Where all the elements were orderles,
 Before the great commander of the world
 The King of Kings the glorious God of heauen,
 Who in six daies did frame his heauenly worke
 And made all things to stand in perfit course,
 Then to his image he did make a man.
 Olde Adam and from his side asleepe,
 A rib was taken, of which the Lord did make,
 The woe of man so termd by Adam then,
 Woman for that, by her came sinne to vs,
 And for her sin was Adam doomd to die,
 As Sara to her husband so should we
 Obey them, loue them, keepe, and nourish them
 If they by any meanes doo want our helpes,
 Laying our handes vnder theire feete to tread,
 If that by that we, might procure there ease,
 And for a president Ile first begin
 And lay my hand under my husbands feete.

[She laies her hand vnder her husbands feete]

Fer. Inough sweet, the wager thou hast won,
 And they I am sure cannot denie the same.

Alf. I Ferando the wager thou hast won,
 And for to shew thee how I am pleasd in this,
 A hundred poundes I freely giue thee more,
Another dowry for another daughter,
For she is not the same she was before.

Fer. *Thankes sweet father, gentlemen godnight*

For Kate and I will leaue you for to night,
Tis Kate and I am wed, and you are sped.
And so farewell for we will to our beds.

[Exit FERANDO and KATE and SANDER.

Alf. Now Aurelius what say you to this?

Aur. Belesue me father I reioice to see

Ferando and his wife so louingly agree.

[Exit AURELIUS and PHYLEMA and
ALFONSO and VALERIA.

Eme. How now Polidor in a dump, what sayst thou man?

Pol. I say thou art a shrew.

Eme. Thats better then a sheepe.

Pol. Well since tis don let it go, come lets in.

[Exit POLIDOR and EMELIA.

*Then enter two bearing of SLIE in his owne apparrell againe
and leaues him where they found him, and then goes out.*

Then enter the Tapster.

Tap. Now that the darkesome night is ouerpast,
And dawning day appeares in chrystall sky,
Now must I hast abroad : but soft who's this?
What Slie oh wondrous hath he laine here alnight,
He wake him, I thinke he's starued by this,
But that his belly was so stuf with ale,
What how Slie, Awake for shame.

Slie. Sim gis some more wine, whats all the
Plaiers gon : am not I a Lord?

Tap. A lord with a murrin : come art thou dronken still?

Slie. Whose this? Tapster, oh Lord sirra, I haue had
The brauest dreame to night, that euer thou
Hardest in all thy life.

Tap. Yea, marry but you had best get you home,
For your wife wil course you for dreaming here to night.

Slie. Will she? i know now how to tame a shrew,
I dreamt vpon it all night till now.

And thou hast wakt me out of the best dreame
That euer I had in my life, but Ile to my
Wife presently and tame her too.
And if she anger me.

Tap. Nay tarry Slie for Ile go home with thee,
And heare the rest that thou hast dreamt to night.

[Exeunt Omnes.]

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